

THE
Rival Queens,
OR THE DEATH OF
ALEXANDER
THE GREAT.

ACTED AT THE
Theater-Royal.

BY
Their Majesties Servants.

By *NAT. LEE*, Gent.

—— *Natura sublimis & acer,
Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet.*
Horat. Epist. ad Aug.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *James Magnes* And *Richard Bentley*, at the Post-house in
Russel-street in *Covent-Garden*, near the *Piazza's*, 1677.

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Natus & legitimus & legit.
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Honor. Episc. ad Aug.

L O N D O N

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,

JOHN,

EARL OF MULGRAVE,

Gentleman of His Majesties Bed-Chamber,
and Knight of the most Noble Order of
the Garter.

My Lord,

WHEN I hear by many Persons, not indifferent Judges, how Poets are censur'd most, even where they most intend to please; and sometimes by those to whom they address, condemn'd for Flatterers, Sycophants, little sawning wretches, I confess of all undertakings, there is none more dreadful to me than a Dedication. So nicely cruel are our Judges, that after a Play has been generally applauded on the Stage, the Industrious malice of some after Observers shall damn it for an Epistle, or a Preface. For this Reason, my Lord, Alexander was more to seek for a Patron in my troubl'd thoughts, than for the Temple of Jupiter Ammon in the spreading Wilds, and rowling Sands. 'Tis certain too he must have been lost, had not Fortune, whom I must once, at least, acknowledge kind in my Life, presented me to your Lordship: You were pleas'd, my Lord, to read it

The Epistle Dedicatory.

over, All by All, and by particular praises, proceeding from the sweetness, rather than the justice, of your temper, lifted me up from my natural Melancholy, and Diffidence, to a bold belief, that what so great an understanding warranted, could not fail of success. And here I were most ungrateful, if I should not satisfy the judging World of the surprize I was in. Pardon me, my Lord, for calling it a surprize, when I was first honour'd by waiting upon your Lordship: So much unexpected, and indeed, unusual affability from Persons of your Birth, and Quality; so true an easiness, such Frankness, without affectation, I never saw. Your constant, but few Friends, show the firmness of your Mind, which never varies, so God-like a Virtue, that a Prince puts off His Majesty, when he parts with Resolution. In all the happy times, that I attended you, unless business, or accident, interpos'd, I have observ'd your Company to be the same. You have Travell'd abrough all tempers, Sail'd through all humours of the Courts unconstant Sea, you have gain'd the gallant Prizes, which you sought, your selected, unvaluable Friends: And I am perfectly perswaded, if you traffick but seldome abroad, 'tis for fear of splitting upon Knaves, or Fools. Nor is it Pride, but rather a Delicacie of your Soul, that makes you shun the Sordid part of the World, the lees and Dregs of it, while in the noblest Retirement you enjoy the finer Spirits, and have that just Greatness to be above the baser. How commendable therefore is such Reservation; how admirable such a Solitude! If you are singular in this, we ought to blame the wild, unthinking, dissolute Age; an Age, whose business is senseless Riot, Neronian Gambols, and ridiculous Debauchery; an Age that can produce few Persons, beside your Lordship, who dare be alone. All our bad hours,
burn't

The Epistle Dedictory.

born't in Night-Revels, or drown'd in Day-dead-sleep; or if we wake, 'tis a point of reeling Honour jogs us to the Field, where, if we live, or dye, we are not concern'd; for, the Soul was laid out before we went abroad, and our Bodies were after acted by meer Animal Spirits, without Reason. When I more narrowly Contemplate your Person, methinks I see in your Lordship two of the most famous Characters, that ever Ancient, or Modern, Story could produce; the mighty Scipio, and the retir'd Cowley. You have certainly the Gravity, Temperance, and Judgment, as well as the Courage, of the first; all which, in your early attempts of War, gave the noblest dawn of Virtue; and will, when occasion presents, answer our expectation, and shine forth at full. Then, for the latter, you possess all his sweetness of Humour, in peace; all that Halcyon Tranquillity of Mind, where your deep thoughts glide, like silent Waters, without a Wrinkle, your hours move with softest Wings, and rarely any Larum strikes to discompose you. You have the Philosophy of the first, and which, I confess, of all your qualities, I love most; the Poetry of the latter. I was never more mov'd at Virgil's Dido, than at a short Poem of your Lordships; where nothing but the shortness can be disliked. As our Church-Men wish there were more Noble Men of their Function, so wish I in the behalf of deprest Poetry, that there were more Poets of your Lordships Excellence, and Eminence. If Poetry be a Virtue, she is a ragged one; and never, in any Age, went bare than now. It may be objected, she never deserved less. To that I must not answer, but I am sure, when she married most, she was alwayes dissatisfied, or she would not have forsaken the most splendid Courts in the World. Virgil, and Horace, Ravantires of the mightiest Emperour,

retir'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

retir'd from him, preferring a Mistress, or a white Boy, and two or three cheerful drinking Friends, in a Country Village, to all the Magnificence of Rome: Or, if sometimes they were snatch'd from their cooler pleasures to an Imperial Banquet, We may see by their Verses in praise of the Country Life, 'twas against their Inclination; Witness, Horace in his Epod. *Beatus ille qui procul*, &c. part of his sixth Satyr, his Epistle to Fulcius Aristius; Virgil's *Georgic*, *O Fortunatos nimium bonas*, &c. All render'd by Mr. Cowley, so Copiously, and Naturally, as no Age gone before, or coming after, shall equal, though all Heads join'd together to out-do him. I speak not of his exactness to a Line, but of the whole. This then may be said, as to the condition of Poets in all times, few ever arriv'd to a middle Fortune, most have liv'd at the lowest, none ever mounted to the highest; neither by Birth, for none was ever born a Prince, as no Prince, to my remembrance, was ever born a Poet; nor by Industry, because they were always too much transported by their own thoughts from winding the grave business of a World, not of their humour. Whereas, even Slaves, the Rubbish of the Earth have, by most prodigious Fortune, gain'd a Scepter, and with their vile Heads, sul'd the glories of a Crown: Praise is the greatest encouragement we Cavaliers can pretend to, or rather the Manna that keeps Soul and Body together; we devour it as if it were Angels Food, and vainly think we grow Immortal. For my own part, I acknowledge, I never receiv'd a better satisfaction from the applause of an Audience, than I have from your single Judgment. You gaze at Beauties, and wink at Blemishes; and do both so gracefully, that the first discovers the acuteness of your Judgment, the other the excellency of your Nature.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ture. And I can assure to your Lordship, there is nothing transports a Poet, near to Love, like commencing in the right place. Therefore, my Lord, this Play must be yours; and Alexander, whom I have rais'd from the dead, comes to you with an assurance, answerable to his Character, and your Virtue. You cannot expect him in his Majesty of two thousand Tears ago, I have only put his illustrious Asbes in an Ome, which are now offer'd, with all observance, to your Lordship.

By,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble, obliged,
and devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Alexander the Great.
Clytus, Master of his Horse.
Lysimachus, Prince of the Blood.
Phylissus, Alexander's Favourite.
Cassander, Son of Antipater.
Polypercon, Commander of the Phalanx.
Philip Brother to Cassander.
Thessalus, the Median.
Perdiccas,
Eumenes,
Meleager,
Aristander, a Southsayer.

By

Mr. Hart.
Mr. Mahan.
Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Clarke.
Mr. Kenaston.
Mr. Goodman.
Mr. Powell.
Mr. Wiltshire.
Mr. Lydall.
Mr. Wasfon.
Mr. Perin.
Mr. Cofsb.

Conspirators.

WOMEN.

By

Syzigambis, Mother of the Royal Family.
Statira, Daughter of Darius Married to Alexander.
Roxana, Daughter of Cohortanus, first Wife of Alexander.
Parisatis, Sister to Statira, in Love with Lysimachus.

Mrs. Corey.
Mrs. Boutell.
Mrs. Marshall.
Mrs. Baker.

CHORUS

Attendants.
Slaves.
Ghost.
Dancers.
Guards.

Scene, Babylon.

PROLOGUE.

To Mr. Lee, on his *Alexander*.

THE Blast of common Censure cou'd I fear,
Before your Play my Name shou'd not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too,
I pay the Bribe I first receiv'd from You:
That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we stand,
To play the Game into each others Hand;
And as cheap Pen'orits to our selves afford
As Bessus, and the Brothers of the Sword.
Such Libels private Men may well endure,
When States, and Kings themselves are not secure:
For ill Men, conscious of their inward guilt,
Think the best Actions on By-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not escap'd their Spight,
Then envy had not suffer'd me to write:
For, since I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
Such worth I must or envy or commend.
So many Candidates there stand for Wit,
A place in Court is scarce so hard to get;
In vain they croud each other at the Door;
For ev'n Reversions are all beg'd before:
Desert, how known so ere, is long delay'd;
And, then too, Fools and Knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as some Actions bear so great a Name,
That Courts themselves are just, for fear of shame:
So has the mighty Merit of your Play
Extorted praise, and forc'd it self a Way.
'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most, makes all the rest his Foes;

Yet, when some Virtue much out-grows the rest,
It shoots too fast, and high, to be oppress'd;
As his Heroic worth struck Envy dumb
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the Boom:
Such praise is yours, while you the Passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd; 'tis real Love:
Where Nature Triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart,
Always you warm! and if the rising Tear,
As in hot Regions, bring the Sun too near,
Tis but to make your Fragrant Spices blow,
Which in our colder Climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your Theme
With too much Fire, who are themselves all Phlema:
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest pace,
Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
Despise those Drones, who praise while they accuse
The too much vigour of your youthful Muse;
That humble Stile which they their Virtue make
Is in your pow'r; you need but stoop, and take.
Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile Poets of the Crowd;
But how shou'd any Sign-post-dawber know
The worth of Titian, or of Angelo?
Hard Features every Bungler can command;
To draw true Beauty shows a Masters Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE

TO

ALEXANDER;

Written by Sir Char. Scroop, Baronet.

HOW hard the Fate is, of that Scribbling Drudge,
who writes to all, when yet so few can judge!
Wit, like Religion, once Divine was thought;
And the dull Crowd believ'd; as they were taught:
Now each Fanatick Fool presumes to explain
The Text, and does the sacred writ prophane:
For, while you wits each others Fall pursue,
The *Fog* *blurs* the Power belonging to you;
You think you are challeng'd in each new play-bill,
And here you come for tryal of your Skill;
where, Fencer-like, you one another hurt,
while, with your wounds, you make the Rabble sport.
Others there are, that have the brutal will
To Murder a poor Play, but want the Skill.
They love to fight, but seldom have the wit
To spy the Place, where they may thrust and hit;
And therefore, like some Bully of the Town,
Ne're stand to draw, but knock the Poet down.
With these, like Hogs in Gardens it succeeds,
They root up all, and know not Flowers from weeds.
As for you, Sparks, that hither come each day
To Ait your own, and not to mind our Play;
Rehearse your usual follies to the Pit,
And with loud Non-sense drown the Stages Wit:
Talk of your Cloaths, your last Debauches tell,
And witty Bargains to each other sell;

Gloat on the silly She; who for your sake
 Can Vanity, and Noise, for Love mistake
 'Till the Coquet, sung in the next Lampoon,
 Is by her jealous Friends sent out of Town.
 For, in this Duelling Intriguing Age,
 The Love you make is like the War you wage;
 'Tare still prevented ere you come to engage.
 But 'tis not in such trifling Foes as you,
 The Mighty Alexander daigns to sue:
 You Persians of the Pit he does despise,
 But to the Men of Sense, for Aid, he flies;
 On their experienc'd Arms he now depends,
 Nor fears he odds, if they but prove his Friends;
 For as he once, a little handful chose,
 The numerous Armies of the world to oppose,
 So back'd by you, who understand the Rules,
 He hopes to rout the Mighty Host of Fools.

Some Books Printed this Year, 1677. for J. Magnes,
 and R. Bently.

Madam Fickle.

Town Fop.

Abdellazar.

*The Destruction of Jerusalem, by
 Titus Vespasian.*

The Fool turn'd Critick.

*The Happy Slave, First and Second
 Part in French and English.*

The False Count Brion.

*Moral Essays, by the Metures of
 the Port-Royal.*

Plays Written by Mr. Lee.

The Tragedy of Nero.

Sophonisba, or Haniba's Overthrow.

*Glorian, or the Court of Augustus
 Caesar.*

*The Rival Queens, or the Death
 of Alexander the Great.*

The French Novels.

L'Heureux Esclave.

Galant Escroc.

Princesse Momferrat.

Le Cerele.

L'Histoire des Visiers.

Memoires de Suede.

Relation D'Espagne.

Touchant Don John.

THE

THE
Rival Queens,
OR
ALEXANDER
THE GREAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hephestion, Lyfimachus fighting, Clytus parting them.

Cly. **W**HAT, are you Mad-men! ha-- Put up I say
Then, mischief in the bosoms of ye both.

Lyf. I have his Sword.

Cly. But must not have his Life.

Lyf. Must not Old *Clytus*?

Cly. Mad *Lyfimachus*, you must not.

Heph. Coward Flesh! O feeble Arm,
He dallied with my point, and when I thrust,
He frown'd, and smil'd, and foil'd me like a Fencer.
O Reverend *Clytus*! Father of the War,
Most famous Guard of *Alexander's* Life,
Take pity on my Youth, and lend a Sword:
Lyfimachus is brave, and will not scorn me;
Kill me, or let me fight with him again.

Lyf. There, take thy Sword; and since thou art resolv'd
For death, thou hast the noblest from my hand.

Cly. Stay thee *Lyfimachus*, *Hephestion*, hold,
I bar you both, my Body interpos'd.

B

Now

The RIVAL QUEENS, Or

Now let me see which of you dares to strike ;
By *Jove* ye've stirr'd the Old Man, that rash Arm
That first advances, moves against the Gods,
Against the Wrath of *Clytus* and the Will
Of our great King, whose Deputy I stand.

Lys. Well, I shall take another time.

Heph. And I.

Cly. Tis false ;

Another time, what time ? what foolish hour ?

No time shall see a brave Man do amiss.

And what's the noble Cause that makes this madness ?

What big Ambition blows this dangerous Fire ?

A *Cupias* puff, is it not Woman's breath ?

By all our triumphs in the heat of Youth,

When Towns were sack'd, and Beauties prostrate lay,

When my Blood boil'd, and Nature work'd me high,

Clytus ne're bow'd his body to such shame :

The brave will scorn their Cobweb Arts - The Souls

Of all that whining, smiling, co'z'ning Sex

Weigh not one thought of any Man of War.

Lys. I must confess our vengeance was ill-tim'd.

Cly. Death ! I had rather this right Arm were lost,

To which I owe my glory, than our King

Should know your fault -- what, on this famous day !

Heph. I was to blame.

Cly. This memorable day

When our hot Master, that wou'd tire the World,

Outride the lab'ring Sun, and tread the Stars

When he inclin'd to rest, comes peaceful on,

Lis'ning to Songs ; while all his Trumpets sleep,

And plays with Monarchs whom he us'd to drive ;

Shall we begin disorders, make new broils ?

We that have temper learnt, shall we awake

Hush'd *Mars*, the Lion, that had left to roar ?

Lys. 'Tis true, Old *Clytus* is an Orsoble.

Put up *Hephæstion*, -- did not Passion blind

My Reason, I on such occasion too

Could thus have urg'd --

Heph. Why is it then we love ?

Cly. Because unmann'd. --

Why

ALEXANDER the Great.

Why is not *Alexander* grown Example?
O that a Face should thus bewitch a Soul,
And ruine all that's right and reasonable.
Talk be my bane, yet the Old Man must talk;
Not so he lov'd when he at *Issus* fought;
And join'd in mighty Duel great *Darius*,
Whom from his Chariot flaming all with Gems
He hurl'd to Earth and crush'd th' imperial Crown;
Nor cou'd the Gods defend their Images
Which with the gawdy Coach lay overturn'd:
'Twas not the shaft of Love that did the feat,
Cupid had nothing there to do, but now
Two Wives he takes; two Rival Queens disturb
The Court; and while each hand do's beaury hold,
Where is there room for glory?

Heph. In his heart.

Cl. Well said,

You are his favourite; and I had forgot
Who I was talking to, see *Syfigambis* comes
Reading a Letter to your Princels; go,
Now make your claim; while I attend the King.

Enter Syfigambis, Parisatis.

Par. Did you not love my Father? Yes, I see
You did, his very name but mention'd brings
The Tears howe're unwilling to your Eyes.
I lov'd him too, he would not thus have forc'd
My trembling heart, which your Commands may break;
But never bend.

Sy. Forbear thy lost complaints,
Urge not a suit which I can never grant.
Behold the Royal Signet of the King;
Therefore resolve to be *Hephestion's* Wife.

Par. No, since *Lysimachus* has won my heart,
My body shall be *Askes*, e're another's.

Sy. For sixty rowling years who ever stood
The shock of State so unconcern'd as I?
This whom I thought to Govern being young,
Heav'n, as a Plague to Power, has render'd strong;

Judge my distresses, and my temper prize;
Who, though unfortunate, would still be wife.

Lys. To let you know that misery do's sway
An humbler Fate than yours, see at your Feet
The lost *Lysimachus*: O mighty Queen
I have but this to beg, impartial stand;
And since *Hephestion* serves by your permission,
Disdain not me who ask your Royal leave
To cast a throbbing heart before her feet.

[*Bob kneel.*]

Heph. A blessing like possession of the Princess,
No Services, nor Crowns, nor all the Blood
That circles in our Bodies can deserve,
Therefore I take all helps, much more the Kings;
And what your Majesty vouchsaf'd to give,
Your word is past, where all my hopes must hang.

Lys. There perish too—all words want sense in Love;
But Love, and I bring such a perfect Passion
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
Which without blushing she may justly prize.

Heph. Such arrogance, should *Alexander* woo,
Would lose him all the Conquest he has won.

Lys. Let not a Conquest once be nam'd by you,
Who this Dispute must to my mercy own.

Sys. Rise brave *Lysimachus*, *Hephestion* rise,
'Tis true *Hephestion* first declar'd his love;
And 'tis as true I promis'd him my aid!
Your glorious King turn'd mighty Advocate,
How noble therefore were the Victory,
If we could vanquish this disordered Love?

Heph. 'Twill never be.

Lys. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from *Alexander's* Mouth, in what
Hephestion merits more than I.

Sys. I grieve,
And fear the boldness which your Love inspires;
But lest her sight should haste your Enterprize,
'Tis just I take the Object from your Eyes.

[*Exit Sys. Par.*]

Lys. She's gone, and see the Day, as if her look
Had kindled it, is lost now she is vanished.

Heph. A sudden gloominess and horror comes
About me.

Lys.

ALEXANDER the Great.

Lys. Let's away to meet the King,
You know my suit.

Heph. Yonder *Cassander* comes,
He may inform us.

Lys. No, I wou'd avoid him,
There's something in that buſie Face of his
That ſhocks my Nature.

Heph. Where and what you pleaſe.

[Exit Heph.]

Enter *Cassander*.

Cass. The Morning riſes black, the lowring Sun,
As if the dreadful buſineſs he foreknew,
Drives heavily his ſable Chariot on:
The Face of Day now bluſhes Scarlet deep;
As if it fear'd the ſtroke which I intend,
Like that of *Jupiter* — Lightning and Thunder:
The Lords above are angry, and talk big,
Or rather walk the mighty Cirque like Mourners
Clad in long Clouds the Robes of thickeſt Night;
And ſeem to groan for *Alexander's* fall,
'Tis as *Cassander's* Soul cou'd wiſh it were,
Which whenſoe'er it flies at loſty miſchief
Wou'd ſtartle Fate, and make all Heav'n concern'd.
A mad *Chaldean* in the dead of Night
Came to my Bed-ſide with a flaming Torch;
And bellowing o're me like a Spirit damn'd,
He cry'd, Well had it been for *Babylon*
If curs'd *Cassander* never had been born.

Enter *Theſſalus*, *Philip*, with Letters.

Theſſ. My Lord *Cassander*!

Cass. Ha! who's there?

Phil. Your Friends.

Cass. Welcome dear *Theſſalus* and Brother *Philip*,
Papers — with what Contents?

Phil. From *Macedon*,

A truſty ſlave arriv'd — great *Antipater*
Writes that your Mother labour'd with you long,

Your

6 The RIVAL QUEENS YORK

Your Birth was slow, and slow is all your Life.

Cass. He writes, dispatch the King—*Craterus* comes,
Who in my room must Govern *Macedon*;
Let him not live a day—he dies to night,
And thus my Father, but forestalls my purpose;
Why am I slow then? if I rode on Thunder,
I must a moment have to fall from Heaven,
E're I could blast the growth of this *Colossus*.

Thess. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes this way,
A Male-content, one whom I lately wrought
That for a slight affront, at *Susa* giv'n,
Bears *Alexander* most pernicious hate.

Cass. So when I mock'd the *Persians* that ador'd him,
He strook me on the Face, and by the Hair
He swung me to his Guards to be chastis'd;
For which, and for my Fathers weighty Cause,
When I abandon what I have resolv'd,
May I again be beaten like a Slave.

But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes, now Fire him, *Enter Polyperchon*,
With such complaints, that he may shoot to ruine.

Pol. Sure I have found those Friends dare second me,
I hear fresh murmurs, as I pass along,
Yet rather than put up, I'll do't alone.
Did not *Pausanias*, a Youth, a Stripling,
A beardless Boy, swell'd with inglorious wrong,
For a less cause his Father *Philip* kill?
Peace then full heart! move like a Cloud about,
And when time rip'ns thee to break, O'head
The stock of all thy Poy'n on his head.

Cass. All Nations bow their heads with homage down,
And kiss the Feet of this exalted Man;
The Name, the Shout, the Blast from every Mouth
Is *Alexander*, *Alexander* bursts
Your Cheeks, and with a crack so loud
It drown's the Voice of Heaven, like Dogs ye fawn,
The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him;
Mankind starts up to hear his blasphemy,
And if this Hunter of the Barbarous World
But wind himself a God, you ecchoe him
With Universal cry.

ALEXANDER the Great.

7

Pol. I echoe him?

I fawn, or fall like a fat Eastern Slave
And lick his feet? Boys hoot me from the Palace
To haunt some Cloister with my senseless walk,
When thus the noble Soul of *Polyperchon*
Lets go the aim of all his actions, Honour.

Thess. The King shall fley me, cut me up alive,
Ply me with Fire and Scourges, rack me worse
Than once he did *Philotas*, ere I bow.

Cass. Curse on thy Tongue for mentioning *Philotas*,
I had rather thou hadst *Aristander* been;
And to my Souls confusion rais'd up Hell
With all the Furies brooding upon horrors,
Than brought *Philotas*'s Murder to remembrance.

Phil. I saw him rack'd, a sight so dismal sad
My Eyes did ne're behold.

Cass. So dismal! Peace,
It is unutterable; let me stand
And think upon the Tragedy you saw:
By *Mars* it comes, ay now the Rack's set forth,
Bloody *Craterus* his inveterate Foe,
With pitiless *Hephestion* standing by:
Philotas like an Angel seiz'd by Fiends
Is straight disrob'd, a Napkin ties his Head,
His Warlike Arms with shameful Cords are bound,
And every Slave can now the valiant wound.

Pol. Now by the Soul of Royal *Philip* fled
I dare pronounce young *Alexander*, who
Wou'd be a God, is cruel as a Devil.

Cass. Oh, *Polyperchon*, *Philip*, *Thessalus*
Did not your Eyes rain Blood? your Spirits burst
To see your noble fellow Souldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a tear endure
The torments of the damn'd? O *Barbarians*,
Cou'd you stand by, and yet refuse to suffer?
Ye saw him bruise'd, torn, to the Bones made bare:
His Veins wide lanced, and the poor quivering Flesh
With Pincers from his manly Bosome ript,
Till ye discover'd the great Heart lie panting.

Pol. Why kill'd we not the King to save *Philotas*?

Cass.

Cass. Asses! Fools! but Asses will bray, and Fools be angry,
 Why stood ye then like Statues? there's the case,
 The horror of the sight had turn'd ye Marble.
 So the pale Trojans from their weeping Walls
 Saw the dear body of the God-like *Hector*
 Bloody and soil'd, dragg'd on the famous ground;
 Yet senseless stood, nor with drawn Weapons ran
 To save the great remains of that prodigious Man.

Phil. Wretched *Philoetas*! bloody *Alexander*!

Theff. Soon after him the great *Parmenio* fell,
 Stabb'd in his Orchard by the Tyrant's doom;
 But where's the need to mention publick loss,
 When each receives particular disgrace?

Pol. Late I remember to a Banquet call'd
 After *Aleides* Goblet swift had gone
 The giddy round, and wine had made me bold,
 Stirring the Spirits up to talk with Kings
 I saw *Craterus* with *Hephestion* enter
 In *Persian* Robes, to *Alexander's* health
 They largely drank, then turning Eastward fell
 Flat on the Pavement and ador'd the Sun,
 Straight to the King they sacred reverence gave
 With solemn words, O Son of Thundring *Jove*,
 Young *Ammon* live for ever, then kiss'd the ground:
 I laugh'd aloud, and scoffing ask'd 'em why
 They kiss'd no harder; --- but the King leapt up
 And spurn'd me to the Earth with this reply;
 Do thou, --- whilst with his Foot he prest my Neck
 Till from my Ears, my Nose, and Mouth the blood
 Gush'd forth, and I lay foaming on the Earth,
 For which I wish this Dagger in his heart.

Cass. There spoke the Spirit of *Callisthenes*.
 Remember he's a Man, his Flesh as soft
 And penetrable as a Girl: we have seen him wounded,
 A Stone has struck him, yet no Thunderbolt:
 A Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along,
 A Sword has cut him, a Javelin pierc'd him,
 Water will drown him, Fire burn him,
 A Surfeit, nay a Fit of Common-sickness
 Brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death.

Pol.

ALEXANDER the Great.

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Pol. Why shou'd we more delay the glorious business,
Are your hearts firm?

Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
To any ruine, than I to the Kings.

Theff. And I.

Pol. Behold my hand, and if you doubt my truth,
Tear up my breast and lay my heart upon it.

Cass. Join then, O worthy, hearty, noble hands,
Fit Instruments for such Majestick Souls;
Remember *Hermolans*, and be hush'd.

Pol. Still, as the Bosome of the desert Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Fiends.

Cass. To day he comes from *Babylon* to *Susa*
With proud *Roxana*.

Ha! who's that, — look here.

*Enter the Ghost of King Philip, shaking a Trun-
chion at 'em, walks over the Stage.*

Cass. Now by the Gods, or Furies which I ne're
Believ'd, — there's one of 'em arriv'd to shake us.

What art thou? glaring thing, speak: what! the Spirit

Of our King *Philip*, or of *Polyphemus*?

Nay, hurle thy Trunchion, second it with Thunder,

We will abide. — *Theffalus*, saw you nothing?

Theff. Yes, and am more amaz'd than you can be.

Phil. 'Tis said that many Prodigies were seen
This Morn, but none so horrible as this.

Pol. What can you fear? though the Earth yawn'd so wide

That all the labours of the deep were seen,

And *Alexander* stood on th' other side,

I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him death,

Or sink my self for ever. Pray to the business.

Cass. As I was saying, this *Roxana* whom

To aggravate my hate to him I love,

Meeting him as he came Triumphant from

The *Indies*, kept him Revelling at *Susa*,

But as I found, a deep repentance since

Turns his affections to the Queen *Statira*,

To whom he twore, before he cou'd espouse her,

C

That

That he wou'd never Bed *ROXANA* more.

Pol. How did the *Persian* Queens receive the news
Of his revolt?

Theff. With grief incredible:

Great *Syfigambis* wept, but the young Queen
Fell dead amongst her Maids,
Nor cou'd their care,
With richest Cordials, for an hour or more,
Recover Life.

Cass. Knowing how much she lov'd,
I hop'd to turn her all Into *Medea*,
For when the first gust of her grief was past
I enter'd, and with breath prepar'd did blow
The dying Sparks into a Towing flame,
Describing the new love he bears *ROXANA*,
Conceiving not unlikely that the Line
Of dead *Darius* in her Cause might rise.
Is any Panthers, Lionesses rage
So furious, any Torrents fall so swift
As a wrong'd Womans hate? Thus far it helps
To give him troubles which perhaps may end him,
And set the Court in universal uproar;
But see it rip'ns more than I expected,
The Scene works up, kill him, or kill thy self,
So there be mischief any way, 'tis well:
Now change the Vizor, every one disperse,
And with a face of friendship meet the King. [Exeunt.]

Enter Syfigambis, Scitira, Parisatis, Attendants.

Stat. Give me a Knife, a draught of Poyson, flames;
Swell heart, break, break thou stubborn thing,
Now, by the sacred Fire, I'll not be held,
Why do you wish me Life yet stifle me
For want of Air? pray give me leave to walk

Syf. Is there no reverence to my Person due?
Darius wou'd have heard me, trust not rumour!

Stat. No, he hates,
He loaths the Beauties which he has enjoy'd,
O, he is false, that great, that glorious Man

Is Tyrant midst of his triumphant spoils,
Is bravely false to all the Gods, forsworn;
Yet, who would think it? no, it cannot be,
It cannot --- What that dear protesting Man!
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand sighs,
Then cool'd 'em with his tears, dy'd on my Knees,
Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd, and swore the wondring Stars away?

Syl. No, 'tis impossible; believe thy Mother
That knows him well.

Stat. Away, and let me dye,
O 'tis my fondness, and my easie Nature
That wou'd excuse him; but I know he's false;
'Tis now the common talk, the news o'th' World,
False to *Statira*, false to her that lov'd him.
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
And took him bath'd all o're in *Persian* Blood;
Kiss'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o're
And o're in Tears, -- then bound 'em with my Hair,
Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosome
Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever trust
A Man again?

Stat. A Man! a Man, my *Parisatis*
Thus with thy hand held up, thus let me swear thee.
By the eternal Body of the Sun,
Whose Body, O forgive the Blasphemy,
I lov'd not half so well as the least part
Of my dear precious faithless *Alexander*;
For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
Not the Springs Mouth, nor Breath of *Jesamin*,
Nor Violets Infant sweets, nor opening Buds
Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast;
From every Pore of him a perfume falls,
He kisses softer than a Southern Wind;
Curles like a Vine, and touches like a God.

Syl. When will thy Spirits rest, these transports cease?

Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my Sister?
As I was saying, --- but I told his sweetness,
Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!

Even when the joy he sigh'd for is possest,
He speaks the kindest words and looks such things,
Vows with such Passion, swears with so much grace,
That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him.

Par. But what was it that you would have me swear?

Stat. Alas, I had forgot, let me walk by
And weep a while, and I shall soon remember.

Sys. Have patience Child, and give her liberty;
Passions like Seas will have their Ebbs and Flows:
Yet while I see her thus, not all the losses
We have receiv'd since *Alexander's* Conquest
Can touch my hardn'd Soul, her sorrow reigns
Too fully there.

Par. But what if she should kill her self?

Stat. *Roxana* then enjoys my perjured Love:
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms;
Doats on my Conquerour, my dear Lord, my King,
Devours my Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses:
She grasps him all, she, the curst happy she.
By Heav'n I cannot bear it, 'tis too much,
I'll dye, or rid me of the burning torture.

[Rises.

I will have remedy, I will, I will,
Or go distracted, Madneſs may throw off
The mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion.
Madam, draw near, with all that are in presence,
And liſt'n to the Vow which here I make.

Sys. Take heed my dear *Statira*, and consider
What desperate Love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Pardon me, for I have considered well;
And here I bid adieu to all Mankind.
Farewel ye Cozners of the easie Sex,
And thou the greatest, falseſt *Alexander*;
Farewel thou moſt belov'd, thou faithleſs Dear;
If I but mention him, the Tears will fall:
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
But is a Charm, to melt a Womans Eyes.

Sys. Clear up thy griefs; thy King, thy *Alexander*
Comes on to *Babylon*.

Stat. Why let him come,
Joy of all Eyes, but the forlorn *Statira's*.

Sys.

Le Mancy
ALEXANDER the Great.

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Sys. Wilt thou not see him?

Stat. By Heav'n, I never will,
That is my Vow, my sacred Resolution;
And when I break it. —

[Kneels.]

Sys. Ah, do not ruine all.

Stat. May I again be flatter'd and deluded,
May sudden death, and horrid, come instead
Of what I wish, and take me unprepar'd.

Sys. Still kneel, and with the same Breath call agen
The woful Imprecation thou hast made.

Stat. No, I will publish it through all the Court,
Then in the Bowers of great *Semiramis*
For ever lock my woes from human view.

Sys. Yet be perswaded.

Stat. Never urge me more,
Lest driv'n to rage I should my Life abhor,
And in your presence put an end to all
The fast Calamities that round me fall.

Par. O angry Heav'n, what have the guiltless done?
And where shall wretched *Parisatis* run?

Sys. Captives in War, our Bodies we resign'd,
But now made free, Love does our Spirits bind.

Stat. When to my purpos'd loneliness I retire,
Your sight I through the Grates shall oft desire,
And after *Alexander's* health enquire:

And if this Passion cannot be remov'd,
Ask how my Resolution he approv'd?
How much he loves, how much he is belov'd:

Then when I hear that all things please him well,
Thank the good Gods, and hide me in my Cell.

[Exit.]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Noise of Trumpets sounding far off.

The Scene draws, and discovers a Battel of Crows, or Ravens, in the Air; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and fight; the Eagle drops down with all the rest of the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Souldiers walk off, shaking their Heads. The Conspirators come forward.

Cass. **H**E comes, the fatal glory of the World,
The headlong *Alexander*, with a Guard
Of thronging Crowns comes on to *Babylon*,
Though warn'd, in spite of all the Pow'rs above,
Who by these Prodigies foretell his ruine.

Pol. Why all this noise, because a King must dye?
Or do's Heav'n fear because he sway'd the Earth,
His Ghost will war with the high Thunderer?
Curse on the babling Fates that cannot see
A Great Man tumble, but they must be talking.

Cass. The Spirit of King *Philip*, in those Arms
We saw him wear, pass'd groaning through the Court;
His dreadful Eye-balls rowl'd their horror upwards;
He wav'd his Arms, and shook his wondrous Head.
I've heard that at the crowing of the Cock
Lions will roar, and Goblins steal away;
But this Majestick Air stalks stedfast on
Spight of the Morn that calls him from the East,
Nor minds the op'ning of the Iv'ry Door.

Phil. 'Tis certain there was never Day like this.

Cass. Late as I musing walk't behind the Palace
I met a monstrous Child, that with his Hands
Held to his Face, which seem'd all over Eyes,
A Silver Bowle, and wept it full of Blood.
But having spy'd me, like a Cockatrice,
He glar'd a while, then with a shriek so shrill
As all the Winds had whistled from his Mouth,
He dash'd me with the Gore he held, and vanished.

Pol.

Pol. That which befell me, though 'twas horrid, yet
When I consider it appears ridiculous;
For, as I pass'd through a by vacant place;
I met two Women very old and ugly,
That wrung their Hands, and howl'd, and beat their Breasts
And cry'd out Poyson: when I askt the cause,
They took me by the Ears, and with strange force
Held me to Earth, then laugh'd and disappear'd.

Cass. O how I love destruction with a Method
Which none discern, but those that weave the Plot:
Like Silk-worms we are hid in our own Web,
But we shall burst at last through all the strings;
And when time calls, come forth in a new Form:
Not Insects, to be trod, but Dragons wing'd.

Theff. The Face of all the Court is strangely alter'd:
There's not a *Persian* I can meet but stares
As if he were distracted. *Oxyartes*
Statira's Uncle openly declaim'd
Against the Perjury of *Alexander*.

Phil. Others, more fearful, are remov'd to *Susa*,
Dreading *Roxana's* rage, who comes i'th' Rear
To *Babylon*.

Cass. It glads my rising Soul
That we shall see him Rack'd before he dies;
I know he loves *Statira* more than Life,
And on a Crowd of Kings in Triumph born
Comes, big with expectation, to enjoy her.
But when he hears the Oaths which she has ta'en,
Her last adieu made publick to the World,
Her vow'd divorce, how will remorse consume him?
Prey, like the Bird of Hell, upon his Liver?

Pol. To bawk his Longing, and delude his Lust,
Is more than Death, 'tis Earnest for Damnation.

Cass. Then comes *Roxana*, who must help our Party;
I know her jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure 'twas the likeness of her Heart to mine,
And Sympathy of Natures caus'd me love her;
'Tis fixt, I must enjoy her, and no way
So proper as to make her guilty first.

Pol. To see two Rival Queens of different humours,

With

With a variety of Torments vex him.

[Enter *Lysima*, *Hephest*.

Cass. Of that anon ; but see *Lysimachus*
And the young Favourite ; fort, fort your selves,
And like to other Mercenary Souls
Adore this Mortal God, that soon must bleed.

Lys. Here I will wait the King's approach, and stand
His utmost anger if he do me wrong.

Heph. That cannot be, from Power so absolute
And high as his.

Lys. Well, you and I have done.

Pol. How the Court thickens !

[*Trumpets sound*.

Cass. Nothing to what it will, --- Does he not come
To hear a thousand thousand Embassies,
Which, from all Parts, to *Babylon* are brought,
As if the Parliament of the whole World
Had met ; and he came on a God, to give
The infinite Assembly glorious audience.

Enter Clytus, Aristander in his Robes, with a wand.

Arist. Haste Reverend *Clytus*, haste, and stop the King.

Clyt. He is already entred : then the Pres
Of Princes that attend so thick about him

Keep all that wou'd approach at certain distance.

Arist. Though he were hem'd with Deities I'de speak to him,
And turn him back from this Highway to Death.

Clyt. Here place your self, within his Trumpets sound.

Lo, the *Caldean* Priests appear, behold

The sacred Fire, *Nearchus* and *Eumenes*;

With their white Wands, and drest in Eastern Robes,

To sooth the King, who loves the *Persian* mode :

But see the Master of the World appears.

Enter Alexander, all kneel but Clytus.

Heph. O Son of *Jupiter* live for ever.

Alex. Rise all, and thou my second self, my Love ;

O my *Hephestion*, raise thee from the Earth

Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart.

Art thou grown cold ? why hang thine Arms at distance ?

Hugg me, or else by Heaven thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not Love, my Lord? break not the Heart you fram'd
And moulded up to such an Excellence;
Then stamp'd on it your own Immortal Image,
Not love the King? Such is not Womans love,
So fond a friendship, such a sacred flame,
As I must doubt to find in Breasts above.

Alex. Thou dost, thou lov'st me, Crown of all my Wars,
Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Lawrel,
I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* does the King: no Tears *Hephestion*;
I read thy Passion in thy Manly Eyes,
And glory in those Planets of my Life
Above the Rival Lights that shine in Heaven.

Lys. I see that Death must wait me, yet I'll on.

Alex. I'll tell thee Friend, and mark it all ye Princes,
Though never mortal Man arriv'd to such
A height as I, yet I wou'd forfeit all,
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And dye to save this Darling of my Soul.
Give me thy Hand, share all my Scepters while
I live; and when my hour of Fate is come,
I leave thee, what thou meritest more than I, the World.

Lys. Dread Sir, I cast me at your Royal Feet.

Alex. What, my *Lysimachus*, whose Veins are rich
With our illustrious Blood? my Kinsman, rise;
Is not that *Clytus*?

Clyt. Your old faithful Souldier.

Alex. Come to my hands, thus double Arm the King;
And now methinks I stand like the dread God,
Who while his Priests and I quaff'd sacred Blood,
Acknowledg'd me his Son. My Lightning thou;
And thou my mighty Thunder, I have seen
Thy glittering Sword out-fly Celestial Fire:
And when I cry'd Be gone, and execute,
I've seen him run swifter than starting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet:
Swifter than Shadows fleeing o're the Field,

Nay, even the Winds, with all their stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.

Lys. But if your Majesty.

Clyt. Who would not lose

The last dear drop of Blood, for such a King?

Alex. Witness my elder Brothers of the Skie;

How much I love a Souldier. — O my *Clym*,

Was it not when we pass'd the *Granicus*,

Thou didst preserve me from unequal force?

It was when *Spithridates*, and *Rhesaces*,

Fell both upon me, with two dreadful strokes,

And clove my temper'd Helmet quite in sunder;

Then I remember, then thou didst me service:

I think my Thunder split him to the Navel.

Clyt. To your great self you owe that Victory;

And sure your Arms did never gain a nobler.

Alex. By Heaven they never did, for well thou knowest,

And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,

Than that I drove a Million o're the Plain,

Can none remember? Yes, I know all musty

When glory, like the dazzling Eagle, stood

Perch'd on my Bever in the *Granick* Flood:

When Fortun's self my Standard trembling bore,

And the pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore,

When the Immortals on the Billows rode,

And I my self appear'd the leading God.

Arist. But all the honours which your Youth has won

Are lost, unless you fly from *Babylon*:

Haste with your Chiefs, to *Susa* take your way,

Fly for your life, destructive is your stay.

This Morning having view'd the angry Skie,

And mark'd the Prodigies that threatn'd high,

To our bright God I did for succour fly,

But, Oh.

Alex. What fears thy Reverend Bosome shake

Or dost thou from some Dream of horror wake?

If so, come grasp me with thy shaking Hand,

Or fall behind while I the danger stand.

Arist. To *Oresmaes* Cave I did repair—
Where I atton'd the dreadful God with Prayer:
But as I pray'd I heard long groans within,
And shrieks, as of the damn'd that howl for Sin:
I knew the Omen, and I fear'd to stay,
But prostrate on the trembling Pavement lay;
When he bodes happiness, he answers mild,
'Twas so of old, and the great Image smil'd;
But now in abrupt Thunder he reply'd
Lowd as rent Rocks, or roaring Seas, he cry'd,
All Empires Crown, Glory of *Babylon*,
Whose Head stands wrapt in Clouds, must tumble down;

Alex. If *Babylon* must fall, what is't to me?
Or can I help immutable Decree?
Down then vast Frame with all thy lofty Towers,
Since 'tis so order'd by Almighty Powers,
Pres'd by the Fates, unloose your golden Bars,
'Tis great to fall the envy of the Stars.

Enter Perdicas, Meleager;

Mele. O horrrour!

Perd. Dire Portents!

Alex. Out with 'em then,

What are you Ghosts, ye empty shapes of Men?
If so, the Mysteries of Hell unfold,
Be all the Scrowls of Destiny unroll'd?
Open the brazen Leaves, and let it come;
Point with a Thunder-bolt your Monarchs doom.

Perd. As *Meleager*, and my self in Field,
Your *Persian* Horse about the Army wheel'd:
We heard a noise, as of a rushing Wind,
And a thick Storm the Eye of Day did blind:
A croaking noise resounded through the Air,
We look'd, and saw big Ravens battling there:
Each Bird of Night appear'd himself a Cloud,
They met, and fought, and their Wounds rain'd black Blood.

Mele. All, as for honour, did their Lives expose,

Their Talons clash'd, and Beaks gave mighty blows,
 Whilst dreadful sounds did our scar'd sense assail,
 As of small Thunder, or huge *Seythian* Hail.

Perd. Our Augurs shook, when with a horrid groan,
 We thought that all the Clouds had tumbld down.
 Souldiers, and Chiefs, who can the wonder tell,
 Strook to the ground, promiscuously fell;
 While the dark Birds, each pondrous as a Shield,
 For fifty Furlongs hid the fatal Field.

Alex. Be witness for me, all ye Powers Divine,
 If ye be angry, 'tis no fault of mine;
 Therefore let Furies face me, with a Band
 From Hell, my Virtue shall not make a stand;
 Though all the Curtains of the Skie be drawn,
 And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* shall go on;
 While my *Statira* shines, I cannot stray,
 Love lifts his Torch to light me on my way,
 And her bright Eyes create another Day.

Lys. E're you remove be pleas'd, dread Sir, to hear
 A Prince ally'd to you by Blood.

Alex. Speak quickly.

Lys. For all that I have done for you in War,
 I beg, the Princess *Parisatis*.

Alex. Ha, —

Is not my word already past? *Hephestion*,
 I know he hates thee, but he shall not have her;
 We heard of this before. — *Lysimachus*,
 I here command, you nourish no design,
 To prejudice my Person in the Man
 I love, and will prefer to all the World.

Lys. I never fail'd to obey your Majesty,
 Whilst you commanded what was in my power,
 Nor cou'd *Hephestion* fly more swift to serve,
 When you commanded us to storm a Town,
 Or fetch a Standard from the Enemy;
 But when you charge me not to love the Princess,
 I must confess, I disobey you, as

ALEXANDER the Great.

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I wou'd the Gods themselves, should they command.

Alex. You shou'd, brave Sir, hear me, and then be dumb;

When by my order, curst *Calisthenes*,

Was as a Traitor doom'd to live in torments;

Your pity sped him in despite of me.

Think not I have forgot your insolence;

No, though I pardon d it, yet if again

Thou dar'st to cross me with another Crime,

The Bolts of Fury shall be doubled on thee.

In the mean time think not of *Parisus*;

For if thou dost, by *Jupiter Ammon*,

By my own Head, and by King *Philip's* Soul,

I'll not respect that Blood of mine thou dar'st,

But use thee as the vilest *Macedonian*.

Lys. I doubted not at first but I shou'd meet

Your indignation, yet my Soul's resolv'd,

And I shall never quit so brave a Prize.

While I can draw a Bow, or lift a Sword.

Alex. Against my Life, ha? was it so? how now?

'Tis said that I am rash, of hasty humour;

But I appeal to the Immortal Gods,

If ever petty poor Provincial Lord

Had temper like to mine? My Slave, whom I

Cou'd tread to Clay, dares utter bloody threats.

Clyt. Contain your self, dread Sir, the noble Prince,

I see it in his Countenance, would dye,

To justifie his truth, but love makes many faults.

Lys. I meant his Minion there should feel my Arm;

Love asks his blood, nor shall he live to laugh

At my destruction.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,

I pardon thee for my old *Clytus's* sake;

But if once more thou mention thy rash Love;

Or dar'st attempt *Hephestia's* precious Life,

I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,

Philotas rack, *Calisthenes* disgrace,

Shall be delight to what thou shalt endure.

The RIVAL QUEENS, OR

Alex. Syfigambis, Parisais, I would the Gods had made me
 your son, that I might have you for my own.

Heph. My Lord, the Queen comes to congratulate
 Your safe arrival.

Alex. O thou best of Women,
 Source of my joy, blest Parent of my Love.

Sys. Permit me kneel, and give those adorations
 Which from the Persian Family are due:
 Have you not rais'd us from our ruines high,
 And when no Hand cou'd help, nor any Eye
 Behold us with a Tear, your's plied me
 You, like a God, snatch'd us from sorrow's Gulph,
 Fixt us in Thrones above our former state.

Par. Which, when a Soul forgets, advances nobly,
 May it be drown'd in deeper misery.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done,
 But still there wants to crown my happiness
 Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,
 My dear Statira! O that Heavenly Beam
 Warmth of my Brain, and Firer of my Heart,
 Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
 By this time I had been amongst the Gods,
 If any Ecstasie can make a height,
 Or any Rapture hurling to the Skies.

Clyt. Now, who shall dare to tell him the Queens Vow?

Alex. How fares my Love? ha, — neither answer me!
 Ye raise my wonder, Darkness overwhelm me
 If Royal Syfigambis does not weep
 Trembling, and horror, pierce me cold as Ice:
 Is she not well? what, none, none answer me?
 Or is it worse? Keep down ye rising Sighs,
 And murmur in the hollow of my Breast,
 Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind,
 That when the voice of Fate shall call you forth,
 Ye may, at one rush, from the Seat of Life,
 Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder.

Heph. I would relate it, but my courage fails me.

Alex.

Alex. If she be dead;— That it's impossible;
And let none here affirm it for his Soul:
For he that dares but think so damn'd a Eye,
I'll have his body straight empal'd before me;
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.

Cass. How will this Engine of unruly Passion
Roar, when we have ram'd him to the Mouth with Poyson?

Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like senseless Trees, while to the stupid Grove
I, like a wounded Lion, groan my griefs,
And none will answer, — what, not my *Hephæstus*?
If thou hast any love for *Alexander*,
If ever I oblig'd thee by my care,
When my quick sight has watch'd thee in the War;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent forth cries,
And, like a Mother, wash'd thee with my tears,
If this be true, if I deserve thy Love,
Ease me, and tell the cause of my disaster.

Heph. Your mourning Queen, (which I had told before)
Had you been calm,) has no Disease but Sorrow,
Which was occasion'd first by jealous Pangs:
She heard, (for what can scape a watchful Lover?)
That you at *Susa*, breaking all your Vows,
Relaps'd, and conquer'd by *Roxana's* Charms,
Gave up your self devoted to her Arms.

Alex. I know that subtle Creature in my Riot;
My Reason gone, seduc'd me to her Bed;
But when I wak'd, I took the *snare* off;
Though that Enchantress held me by the Arm,
And wept, and gaz'd with all the force of Love;
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at *Thais* suit, engag'd with Wine,
I set the fam'd *Persepolis* on Fire.

Heph. Your Queen's *Statira* took it so to heart,
That, in the Agony of Love, she swore
Never to see your Majesty again,
With dreadful Imprecations she confirm'd
Her Oath, and I much fear that she will keep it!

Alex.

THE RIVALL QUEENS

Alex. Ha! did she swear? did that sweet Creature swear?
I'll not believe it, no, she is all softness,
All melting, mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant,
Nor can you wake her into cries, by Heaven,
She is the Child of Love, and she was born in smiles.

Par. I, and my weeping Mother, heard her swear.

Sys. And with such benedictions she did aggravate
The foulness of your fault, that I could wish
Your Majesty would blot her from your breast.

Alex. Blot her? forget her? hurl her from my bosom?
For ever, lose the Star that guides my Life,
Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights?
No, she shall stay with me in spite of Vows,
My soul, and body both are twisted with her:
The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots every Grain of her into my heart:
She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here
Panting, and warm, the dearest, O *Sys.*

Sys. Have patience, Son, and trust to Heaven and me:
If my Authority, or the remembrance
Of dead *Darius*, or her Mother's Soul
Can work upon her, the again is yours.

Alex. O, Mother help me, help your wounded Son,
And move the Soul of my offended Dear,
But fly, haste, e're the sad Procession's made,
Spend not a thought in a reply. — Be gone.
If you would have me live — and *Par.*
Hang thou about her Knees, wash em with Tears:
Nay haste, the breath of Gods, and eloquence
Of Angels go along with you. — O my heart! *Exeunt Sys. and Par.*

Lys. Now let your Majesty, who feel the Torments,
And sharpest Pangs of Love, encourage mine.

Alex. Ha. —

Chs. Are you a Mad-man? is this a time?

Lys. Yes, for I see he cannot be unjust to me,
Lest something worse befall himself.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy undoing?
Death thou should'st have, when it is not counted from

But

But know, to thy confusion, that my sword
Like destiny, admits not a reverse;
Therefore, in Chains, thou shalt behold the Nuptials
Of my *Hephestion*.— Guards take him Prisoner.

Lys. I shall not easily resign my Sword,
Till I have dy'd it in my Rivals blood.

Alex. I charge you, kill him not, take him alive;
The dignity of Kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this Beast.

Clyt. Kneel, for I see the Lightning in his Eyes.

Lys. I neither hope, nor ask a pard'n of him;
But if he shou'd restore my Sword, I wou'd,
With a new violence, run against my Rival.

Alex. Sure we, at last, shall conquer this fierce Lion:
Hence from my sight, and bear him to a Dungeon:
Perdiccas give this Lion to a Lion;
None speak for him, fly, stop his Mouth, away.

Clyt. The King's extremely mov'd.

Eum. I dare not speak.

Clyt. This comes of Love, and Women, 'tis all madness;
Yet were I heated now with Wine I shou'd
Be preaching to the King for this rash Fool.

Alex. Come hither *Clytus*, and my dear *Hephestion*;
Lend me your Arms, help, for I'm sick o'th' sudden:
I fear betwixt *Statira's* cruel Love,
And *torid Roxana's* Arts, your King will fall.

Clyt. Better the *Persian* Race were all undone.

Heph. Look up, my Lord, and bend not thus your Head,
As you wou'd leave the Empire of the World
Which you with toil have won.

Alex. Wou'd I had not,
There's no true joy in such unweildy Fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make,
All find my spots, but few my brightness take.
Stand off, and give me air,—
Why was I born a Prince, proclaim'd a God?
Yet have no liberty to look abroad?

Thus Palaces in prospect barm the Eye,
Which pleas'd, and free, wou'd o're the Cottage fly;
O're flow'ry Lands to the gay distant Skie,
Farewel then Empire, and the Racks of Love,
By all the Gods, I will to wilds remove,
Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God on Grass lye down,
And quite forget that e'rel wore a Crown.

ACT.

ACT III.

*Enter Eumenes, Philip, Thessalus, Perdicas,
Lyfimachus, Guards.*

Eum. Farewell, brave Spirit, when you come above,
Commend us to *Philotas*, and the rest
Of our great Friends.

Thes. *Perdicas*, you are grown
In trust, be thankfull for your noble Office.

Perd. As noble as you sentence me, I'd give
This Arm that *Thessalus* were so imploy'd.

Lys. Cease these untimely jarrs, farewell to all,
Fight for the King as I have done, and then
You may be worthy of a death like mine. — Lead on.

Enter Parisatis.

Par. Ah my *Lyfimachus*, where are you going?
Whither? to be devour'd? O barbarous Prince!
Cou'd you expose your life to the King's rage,
And yet remember mine was ty'd to yours?

Lys. The Gods preserve you ever from the ill;
That threaten me; live, Madam, to enjoy
A nobler fortune, and forget this wretch:
I ne're had worth, nor is it possible
That all the bloud which I shall lose this day,
Shou'd merit this rich sorrow from your eyes.

Par. The King, I know, is bent to thy destruction;
Now by command they forc'd me from his knees:
But take this satisfaction in thy death,
No Power, Command, my Mothers, Sisters tears,
Shall cause me to survive thy cruel loss.

Lys. Live, Princess, live; howe're the King disdains me,
Perhaps unarm'd, and fighting for your sake,
I may perform what shall amaze the World,

E

And

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And force him yet to give you to my arms.

Away *Perdiccas*; — dear *Eumenes*, take

The Princess to your charge. *Exeunt* *Perd. Lys. Guards.*

Eum. O cruelty!

Par. Lead me, *Eumenes*, lead me from the light,

Where I may wait till I his ruine hear,

Then free my Soul to meet him in the Air. *Exeunt.*

Phil. See where the jealous proud *Roxana* comes,

A haughty vengeance gathers up her brow.

Thef. Peace, they have rais'd her to their ends; observe.

Enter *Roxana*, *Cassander*, *Polipercon*.

Rox. O you have ruin'd me, I shall be mad;

Said you so passionate, is't possible?

So kind to her, and so unkind to me?

Cas. More then your utmost fancy can invent:

He swooned thrice at hearing of her Vow,

And when our care as oft had brought back life,

He drew his Sword, and offer'd at his breast.

Pol. Then rail'd on you with such unheard of curses.

Rox. Away, be gone, and give a whirlwind room,

Or I will blow you up like dust; avaunt;

Madness but meanly represents my folly.

Roxana, and *Statira*, they are names

That must for ever jar; eternal discord,

Fury, revenge, disdain, and indignation

Tear my sworn breast, make way for fire and tempest.

My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd,

The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart

Splits with the rack, while passions like the winds

Rise up to Heav'n and put out all the Stars.

What saving hand, O what Almighty arm—

Can raise me sinking?

Cas. Let your own arm save you,

'Tis in your power, your beauty is Almighty:

Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em:

Wake then, bright Planet that shou'd rule the world,

Wake like the Moon, from your too long Eclipse,

And we with all the Instruments of War,

Trumpets

Death of Alexander the Great. 27

Trumpets and Drums, will help your Glorious Labour.

Pol. Put us to act, and with a violence,
That fits the Spirit of a most wrong'd woman:
Let not *Medea's* dreadfull vengeance stand
A pattern more, but draw your own so fierce,
It may for ever be Original.

Caf. Touch not, but dash, with stroaks so bravely bold,
Till you have form'd a face of so much horror,
That gaping Furies may run frighted back;
That Envy may devour her self for madness,
And sad *Medusa's* head be turn'd to Stone.

Rox. Yes, we will have revenge, my Instruments:
For there is nothing you have said of me,
But comes far short, wanting of what I am.
When in my nonage I at *Zogdia* liv'd,
Amongst my She-companions I wou'd reign;
Drew 'em from idleness, and little arts
Of coining looks, and laying snares for Lovers;
Broke all their Glasses, and their Tires tore:
Taught 'em, like *Amazons*, to ride and chace
Wild Beasts in Desarts, and to Master men.

Caf. Her looks, her words, her ev'ry motion fires me.

Rox. But when I heard of *Alexander's* Conquests,
How with a handfull he had Millions slain,
Spoil'd all the East, their Queens his Captives made,
Yet with what Chastity, and God-like temper
He saw their Beauties, and with pity bow'd;
Methought I hung upon my Father's lips,
And wish'd him tell the wondrous tale again:
Left all my sports, the Woman now return'd,
And sighs uncall'd wou'd from my bosom fly;
And all the night, as my *Adraste* told me,
In slumbers groan'd and murmur'd, *Alexander*.

Caf. Curse on the name! but I will soon remove
That bar of my Ambition and my Love.

Rox. At last to *Zogdia* this Triumpher came,
And cover'd o're with Laurels forc'd our City:
At night I by my Father's order stood,
With fifty Virgins, waiting at a Banquet.
But oh how glad was I to hear his Court,

To feel the pressure of his glowing hand,
And tast the dear, the false-protecting lips.

Cas. Wormwood, an I Hemlock henceforth grow about 'em.

Rex. Gods! that a man should be so great and base!

What said he not when in the Bridal Bed

He clasp'd my yielding body in his arms:

When with his fiery hips devouring mine,

And moulding with his hand my throbbing breast,

He swore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile

To those rich Worlds; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,

And made me shame the morning with my blushes.

Cas. Yet after this prove false!

Pol. Horrid perjury!

Cas. Not to be match'd.

Pol. O you must find revenge.

Cas. A person of your Spirit be thus slighted!

For whose desire all Earth should be too little.

Rex. And shall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him?

That puny Girl, that Age of my ambition?

That cry'd for milk, when I was nurs'd in bloud!

Shall she, made up of watry Element,

A Cloud, shall she embrace my proper God?

While I am cast like Lightning from his hand!

No, I must scorn to prey on common things;

Though hurl'd to Earth by this disdainfull *Jove*,

I w'll rebound to my own Orb of fire,

And with the wrack of all the Heav'ns expire.

Cas. Now you appear your self;

'Tis noble anger.

Rex. May the Illustrious bloud that fills my womb,

And ripens to be perfect Godhead born,

Come forth a Fury, may *Barbina's* Bastard

Tread it to Hell, and rule as Sovereign Lord,

When I permit *Statira* to enjoy

Roxana's right, and strive not to destroy.

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, in mourning.

Cas. Behold her going to fulfill her Vow;

Old *Syfigambis* whom the King engag'd,

Resists and awes her with Authority.

Rex.

Death of Alexander the Great. 29

Rox. 'Twas rashly vow'd indeed, and I shou'd pity her!

Sys. O my *Statira*, how has passion chang'd thee!

Think if you drive the King to such extremes,

What in his fury may he not denounce

Against the poor remains of lost *Darius*.

Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you,

And to my mourning Sister, for my sake;

And tell him, how with my departing breath

I rail'd not, but spoke kindly of his person,

Nay wept to think of our divided Loves,

And sobbing sent a last forgiveness to him.

Rox. Grant, Heav'n, some ease to this distracted wretch!

Let her not linger out a life in torments,

Be these her last words, and at once dispatch her.

Sys. No, by the Everlasting fire I swear,

By my *Darius* Soul, I never more

Will dare to look on *Alexander's* face,

If you refuse to see him.

Rox. Curse on that cunning tongue, I fear her now.

Caf. No, she's resolv'd.

Stat. I cast me at your feet,

To bath 'em with my tears; or if you please,

I'll let out life, and wash 'em with my blood;

But still conjure you not to rack my Soul,

Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness.

Shou'd now *Darius* awfull Ghost appear,

And my pale Mother stand beseeching by,

I wou'd persist to death, and keep my Vow.

Rox. She shews a certain bravery of Soul,

Which I shou'd praise in any but my Rival.

Sys. Dye then, rebellious wretch, thou art no now

That soft belov'd, nor dost thou share my blood;

Go hide thy baseness in thy lovely Grot,

Ruine thy Mother, and thy Royal House,

Pernicious Creature! shed the innocent

Blood, and Sacrifice to the King's wrath

The lives of all thy people; fly, be gone,

And hide thee where bright Virtue never shone:

The day will shun thee, may the Stars that view

Mischiefs and Murders, deeds to thee not new,

Will...

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Will start at this ; — Go, go, thy crimes deplore,
And never think of *Syngambis* more. *Exit.*

Rox. Madam, I hope you will a Queen forgive,
Roxana weeps to see *Statira* grieve :

How noble is the brave resolve you make,
To quit the world for *Alexander's* sake ?
Vast is your mind, you dare thus greatly dye,
And yield the King to one so mean as I :
'Tis a revenge will make the Victor smart,
And much I fear your death will break his heart.

Stat. You counterfeit a fear, and know too well
How much your Eyes all Beauties else excell :
Roxana, who though not a Princess born,
In Chains cou'd make the mighty Victor mourn.
Forgetting pow'r, when Wine had made him warm,
And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm :
Preserve him by those arts that cannot fail,
While I the loss of what I lov'd bewail.

Rox. I hope your Majesty will give me leave
To wait you to the Grove, where you wou'd grieve ;
Where like the Turtle, you the loss will moan
Of that dear Mate, and murmur all alone.

Stat. No, proud Triumpher o're my falling state,
Thou shalt not stay to fill thee with my Fate :
Go to the Conquest which your wiles may boast,
And tell the world you left *Statira* lost.
Go seize my faithless *Alexander's* hand,
Both hand and heart were once at my command :
Grasp his lov'd neck, dye on his fragrant breast,
Love him like me, which cannot be express'd, }
He must be happy, and you more then blest. }
While I in darkness hide me from the day, }
That with my mind I may his form survey, }
And think so long, till I think life away. }

Rox. No, sickly Virtue, no,
Thou shalt not think, nor thy Loves loss bemoan,
Nor shall past pleasures through thy fancy run ;
That were to make thee blest as I can be,
But thy no thought I must, I will decree ;

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As thus I'll torture thee till thou art mad,
And then no thought to purpose can be had.

Stat. How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind?
We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling wind,
And glitt'ring Swords the brightest eyes will blind.
Yet when strong Jealousie enflames the Soul,
The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul.
Rival, take heed, and tempt me not too far;
My blood may boyl, and blushes shew a War.

Rex. When you retire to your Romanick Cell,
I'll make thy solitary Mansion Hell;
Thou shalt not rest by day, nor sleep by night,
But still *Roxana* shall thy Spirit fright:
Wanton, in Dreams, if thou dar'st dream of bliss,
Thy roving Ghost may think to steal a kiss;
But when to his sought Bed, thy wandring air
Shall for the happiness it wish'd repair,
How will it groan to find thy Rival there?
How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
Through the drawn Curtains, that Great man and me,
Wearied with laughing joys, shot to the Soul,
While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy teeth, and houl.

Stat. O barb'rous rage! my tears I cannot keep,
But my full Eyes in spight of me will weep.

Rex. The King and I in various Pictures drawn,
Clasping each other, shaded o're with Lawn,
Shall be the daily Presents I will send,
To help thy sorrow to her Journeys end.
And when we hear at last thy hour draws nigh,
My *Alexander*, my dear Love and I,
Will come and hasten on thy ling'ring Fates,
And smile, and kiss thy Soul out, through the Grates.

Stat. 'Tis well, I thank thee; thou hast wak'd a rage,
Whose boiling now no temper can assuage:
I meet thy tides of Jealousie with more,
Dare thee to dwell, and dash thee o're and o're.

Rex. What wou'd you dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do,
My warring thoughts the blondest traits pursue,
I am by Love a Fury made, like you:

32 *The Rival Queens, or the*

Kill, or be kill'd, thus acted by despair.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd *Statira* does not dare.

Stat. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare.

Rox. I tow'r indeed o're thee;

Like a fair Wood, the shade of Kings I stand,
While thou, sick Weed, dost but infect the Land.

Stat. No, like an Ivy I will curl thee round,
Thy sapless Trunk of all its pride confound,
Then dry, and wither'd, bend thee to the ground. }

What *Syfigambis* threats, objected fears,
My Sisters sighs, and *Alexander's* tears,
Cou'd not effect, thy Rival rage has done;
My Soul, whose start at breach of oaths begun,
Shall to thy ruine violated run. }

I'll see the King in spight of all I swore,
Though curst that thou mayst never see him more.

Enter Perdiccas, Alexander, Syfigambis, Attendants, &c.

Perd. Madam, your Royal Mother, and the King.

Alex. O my *Statira*! O my angry dear!

Turn thine Eyes on me, I wou'd talk to them:

What shall I say to work upon thy Soul?

Where shall I throw me? whither shall I fall?

Stat. For me you shall not fall.

Alex. For thee I will:

Before thy feet I'll have a Grave dug up,
And perish quick, be buried straight alive:
Give but as the Earth grows heavy on me,
A tender look, and a relenting word;
Say but, 'twas pity that so great Great a man,
Who had ten thousand deaths in Battels scap'd,
For one poor fault so early shou'd remove,
And fall a Martyr to the God of Love.

Rox. Is then *Roxana's* love and life so poor,
That for another you can chuse to dye,
Rather then live for her? what have I done?
How am I alter'd since at *Susa* last
You swore, and seal'd it with a thousand kisses,
Rather then lose *Roxana's* smallest charm,
You wou'd forgo the Conquest of the world?

Alex.

Death of Alexander the Great. 33

Alex. Madam, you best can tell what Magick drew
Me to your charms, but let it not be told
For your own sake; take, take that Conquer'd World,
Dispose of Crowns and Scepters as you please,
Let me but have the freedom for an hour,
To make account with this wrong'd Innocence.

Stat. You know, my Lord, you did commit a fault,
I ask but this, repeat your crime no more.

Alex. O never, never.

Rox. Am I rejected then?

Alex. Exhaust my Treasures,
Take all the Spoils of the far conquer'd *Indies*;
But for the ease of my afflicted Soul,
Go where I never may behold thee more.

Rox. Yes, I will go, ungratefull as thou art!
Bane to my life! thou torment of my days!
Thou murd'rer of the world! for as thy Sword
Has cut the lives of thousand thousand men,
So will thy tongue undo all woman-kind.
But I'll be gone; this last disdain has cur'd me,
And I am now grown so indifferent,
I could behold you kiss without a pang,
Nay take a Torch, and light you to your Bed:
But do not trust me, no, for if you do,
By all the Furies, and the flames of Love,
By Love, which is the hottest burning Hell,
I'll set you both on fire to blaze for ever.

Stat. O *Alexander*, is it possible? Good Gods,
That guilt can shew so lovely! — yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear life I do.

Alex. Ha! Pardon! saidst thou, Pardon me?

Stat. Now all thy Mothers blessings fall about thee,
My best, my most belov'd, my own *Statira*.

Alex. Is it then true that thou hast pardon'd me?
And is it giv'n me thus to touch thy hand,
And fold thy body in my longing arms?
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars?
To tast thy lip, and thy dear balmy breath,
While ev'ry sigh comes forth so fraught with sweets,
'Tis incense to be offer'd to a God.

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Stat. Yes, dear Impostor, 'tis most true that I
Have pardon'd thee; and 'tis as true that while
I stand in view of thee, thy eyes will wound,
Thy tongue will make me wanton as thy wishes;
And while I feel thy hand, my body glows:
Therefore be quick, and take your last adieu,
These your last sighs, and these your parting tears;
Farewell, farewell, a long and last farewell.

Alex. O my *Hephæstion*, bear me or I sink.

Stat. Nay, you may take, — Heav'n how my heart throbs,
You may, you may, if yet you think me worthy,
Take from these trembling lips a parting kiss.

Alex. No, let me starve first; — why, *Statira*, why?
What is the meaning of all this? — O Gods!
I know the cause, my working brain divines:
You'll say you pardon'd but with this reserve,
Never to make me blest, as I have been,
To slumber by the side of that false man,
Nor give a Heav'n of beauty to a Devil.
Think you not thus? speak Madam.

Sys. She is not worthy, Son, of so much sorrow:
Speak comfort to him, speak, my dear *Statira*,
I ask thee by those tears; Ah canst thou e'er
Pretend to Love, yet with dry eyes behold him!

Alex. Silence more dreadful than severest sounds:
Wou'd she but speak, though Death, eternal Exile
Hung at her lips, yet while her tongue pronounces,
There must be Musick even in my undoing.

Stat. Still my lov'd Lord, I cannot see you thus;
Nor can I ever yield to share your Bed;
O I shall find *Roxana* in your arms,
And tast her kisses left upon your lips —
Her curs'd embraces have defil'd your body:
Nor shall I find the wonted sweetness there,
But artificial smells, and aking odours.

Alex. Yes, obstinate, I will; Madam, you shall,
You shall, in spite of this restless passion,
Be serv'd; but you must give me leave to think
You never lov'd: — O cou'd I see you thus!
Hell has not half the tortures that you raise.

Death of Alexander the Great. 35

Clyt. Never did passions combat thus before.

Alex. O I shall burst,
Unless you give me leave to rave a while.

Syf. Yet e're destruction sweeps us both away,
Relent, and break through all to pity him.

Alex. Yes, I will shake this *Cupid* from my arms,
If all the rages of the Earth can fright him;
Drown him in the deep bowl of *Hercules*;
Make the World drunk, and then like *Nolus*,
When he gave passage to the struggling winds,
I'll strike my Spear into the reeling Globe
To let it blood; set *Babylon* in a blaze,
And drive this God of flames with more consuming fire.

Stat. My presence will but force him to extremes;
Besides, 'tis death to me to see his pains:
Yet stand resolv'd never to yield again.
Permit me to remove.

Alex. I charge ye stay her;
For if she pass, by all the Hells I feel,
Your Souls, your naked Ghosts shall wait upon her.
O turn thee! Turn! thou barb'rous brightness, turn!
Hear my last words, and see my utmost pang:
But first kneel with me, all my Souldiers, kneel, *All kneel.*
Yet lower, — prostrate to the Earth: — Ah Mother, what
Will you kneel too? Then let the Sun stand still
To see himself out-worship'd; not a face
Be shewn that is not wash'd all o're in tears,
But weep as if you here beheld me slain.

Syf. Hast thou a heart? or art thou Savage turn'd?
But if this posture cannot move your mercy,
I never will speak more.

Alex. O my *Statira*!
I swear, my Queen, I'll not out-live thy hate,
My Soul is still as death: — But one thing more,
Pardon my last extremities, — the transports
Of a deep wounded breast, and all is well.

Stat. Rise, and may Heav'n forgive you all, like me.

Alex. You are too gracious; — *Clytus*, bear me hence,
When I am laid in Earth, yield her the world.
There's something here heaves, and is cold as Ice,

That stops my breath; — Farewell, O Gods! for ever.

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms,
My dearest, my all Love, my Lord, my King;
You shall not dye, if that the soul and body
Of thy *Statira* can restore thy life:
Give me thy wonted kindness, bend me, break me
With thy embraces.

Alex. O the killing joy!
O extasie! my heart will burst my breast,
To leap into thy bosom; but by Heav'n
This night I will revenge me of thy beauties,
For the dear rack I have this day endur'd:
For all the sighs and tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many thousand burning Loves;
So swell thy lips, so fill me with thy sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wandering Eyes:
The smiling hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the night, and languish all the day.

Stat. Nor shall *Roxana* —

Alex. Let her not be nam'd. —
O Mother! how shall I requite your goodness?
And you, my fellow Warriours, that cou'd weep
For your lost King: — But I invite you all,
My equals in the Throne as in the Grave,
Without distinction to the Riot come,
To the Kings Banquet. —

Clyt. I beg your Majesty
Would leave me out.

Alex. None, none shall be excus'd;
All Revel out the day; 'tis my command;
Gay as the *Persian* God our self will stand,
With a Crown'd Goblet in our lifted hand.
Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
While antick Measures beat the burden'd ground,
And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Clytus in his Macedonian habit; Hephestion, Eumenes, Melcager, &c. in Persian Robes.

Clyt. **A** Way, I will not wear these *Persian Robes*;
Nor ought the King be angry for the reverence
I owe my Country, sacred are her Customs,
Which honest *Clytus* shall preserve to death.
O let me rot in *Macedonian rags*,
Rather than shine in fashions of the East.
Then for the Adorations he requires,
Roast my old body in eternal flames,
Or let him Cage me, like *Calisthenes*.

Eum. Dear *Clytus*, be perswaded.

Heph. You know the King
Is God-like, full of all the richest Virtues
That ever Royal heart possess'd; yet you
Perverse, but to one humour will oppose him.

Clyt. Call you it humour! 'tis a pregnant one,
By *Mars* there's venom in it, burning pride;
And though my life shou'd follow, rather then
Bear such a hot ambition in my bowels,
I'd rip'em up to give the poyson vent.

Mel. Was not that *Jupiter* whom we adore
A man? but for his more then human acts,
Advanc'd to Heav'n, and worshipt for its Lord!

Heph. By all his Thunder, and his Sov'raign Power,
I'll not believe the Earth yet ever felt
An arm like *Alexanders*; not that God
You nam'd, though riding in a Car of fire,
And drawn by flying Horses wing'd with Lightning,
Cou'd in a space more short do greater deeds,
Drive all the Nations, and lay wast the World.

Clyt. There's not a man of War amongst you all
That loves the King like me; yet I'll not flatter,
Nor sooth his vanity, 'tis blamable,
And when the wine works, *Clytus* thoughts will out.

Heph.

Heph. Then go not to the Banquet.

Clyt. I was call'd,

My Minion, was I not, as well as you?

I'll go, my Friends, in this old Habit thus,

And laugh, and drink the King's health heartily;

And while you blushing bow your heads to earth,

And hide 'em in the dust, I'll stand upright,

Strait as a Spear, the Pillar of my Country,

And be by so much nearer to the Gods —

But see, the King and all the Court appear.

Enter Alexander, Sygambis, Statira, Parisatis, &c.

Par. Spare him, O spare *Lyfimachus* his life;

I know you will, Kings shou'd delight in mercy.

Alex. Shield me, *Statira*, shield me from her sorrow.

Par. O save him, save him, e're it be too late;

Speak the kind word before the gaping Lyon

Swallow him up; let not your Souldier perish,

But for one rashness which despair did cause.

I'll follow thus for ever on my knees,

And make your way so slippery with tears,

You shall not pass. — Sister, do you conjure him.

Alex. O Mother, take her, take her from me, (*kneels.*)

Her watry eyes assault my very Soul,

They shake my best resolve. —

Stat. Did not I break

Through all for you? nay now my Lord you must.

Syg. Nor wou'd I make my Son so bold a prayer,

Had I not first consulted for his Honour.

Alex. Honour! what Honour! has not *Statira* said it?

Were I the King of the blue Firmament,

And the bold *Titans* shou'd again make War,

Though my resistless Arrows were made ready,

By all the Gods she shou'd arrest my hand.

Fly then, ev'n thou his Rival so belov'd,

Fly with old *Clytus*, snatch him from the jaws

Of the devouring Beast, bring him adorn'd

To the Kings Banquet, fit for loads of Honour.

Exeunt Heph. Eum. Par.

Stat.

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Stat. O my lov'd Lord! let me embrace your knees,
I am not worthy of this mighty passion:
You are too good for Goddesses themselves;
No woman, not the Sex, is worth a grain
Of this illustrious life of my dear Master.
Why are you so Divine to cause such fondness?
That my heart leaps, and beats, and fain wou'd out,
To make a dance of Joy about your feet.

Alex. Excellent woman! no, 'tis impossible
To say how much I love thee: — Ha! again!
Such Extasies life cannot carry long;
The day comes on so fast, and beamy joy
Darts with such fierceness on me, night will follo.
A pale Crown'd head flew lately glaring by me,
With two dead hands, which threw a Chrystal Globe
From high, that shatter'd in a thousand pieces.
But I will lose these boding Dreams in wine;
Then warm and blushing for my Queens embraces,
Bear me with all my heat to my lov'd bosom.

Stat. Go, my best Love, and cheer your drooping Spirits;
Laugh with your Friends, and talk your grief away,
While in the Bow'r of great *Semiramis*,
I dress your Bed with all the sweets of Nature,
And crown it as the Altar of my Love;
Where I will lay me down and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes till your return. *Ex. Stat. Syfig.*

Alex. Is she not more then mortal man can wish!
Diana's Soul, cast in the flesh of *Venus*!
By *Jove* 'tis ominous, our parting is;
Her face look'd pale too, as she turn'd away:
And when I wrung her by the *Rosie* fingers,
Methought the strings of my great heart did crack.
What should it mean? — Forward, *Laomedon*.

Roxana meets him, with Cassand. Polip. Phil. and Thell.

Why Madam gaze you thus?

Rox. For a last look, *(She holds his hand.)*
And that the memory of *Roxana's* wrongs
May be for ever printed in your mind.

Alex.

Alex. O Madam, you must let me pass.

Rex. I will;

But I have sworn that you shall hear me speak,
And mark me well, for Fate is in my breath:
Love on the Mistress you adore to death:
Still hope; but I fruition will destroy:
Languish for pleasures, you shall ne're enjoy.
Still may *Statira's* Image draw your sight,
Like those deluding Fires that walk at night;
Lead you through fragrant Grots, and flow'rie Groves,
And charm you through deep Grasse with sleeping Loves;
That when your fancy to its height does rise,
The light you lov'd may vanish from your eyes,
Darkness, Despair, and Death your wandring Soul surprize.

Alex. Away; lead, *Meleager*, to the Banquet. *Ex. cum suis.*

Rex. So unconcern'd! O I cou'd tear my flesh,
Or him, or you, nay all the world to pieces.

Cas. Still keep this Spirit up, preserve it still,
Lose not a grain, for such Majestick Atomes
First made the world, and must preserve its greatness.

Rex. I know I am whatever thou canst say;
My Soul is pent, and has not elbow room;
'Tis swell'd with this last sight, beyond all bounds:
O that it had a space might answer to
Its infinite desire, where I might stand
And hurl the Sphears about like sportive Balls.

Cas. We are your Slaves, admirers of your fury;
Command *Cassander* to obey your pleasure,
And I will on, swift as my nimble Eye
Scales Heav'n when I am angry with the Fates.
No Age, nor Sex, nor dignity of blood,
No ties of Law or Nature, not the life
Imperial, though guarded with the Gods,
Shall bar *Cassander's* vengeance, he shall dye.

Rex. Ha! shall he dye? shall I consent to kill him?
To see him clasp'd in the cold arms of death,
Whom I with such an eagerness have lov'd?
Do I not bear his Image in my womb?
Which while I meditate, and rouse revenge,
Starts in my body like a fatal pulse,

And

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And strikes compassion through my bleeding bowels.

Pol. These scruples which your Love wou'd raise might pass,
Were not the Empire of the world consider'd:
How will the glorious Infant in your womb,
When time shall teach his tongue, be bound to curse you,
If now you strike not for his Coronation!

Cas. If *Alexander* lives, you cannot reign,
Nor shall your Child; old *Syngambis* head
Will not be idle: — sure destruction waits
Both you and yours; let not your anger cool,
But give the word, say *Alexander* bleeds,
Draw dry the veins of all the *Persian* Race,
And hurl a ruine o're the East, 'tis done.

Pol. Behold the Instruments of this great work.

Phil. Behold your forward Slave.

Thef. I'll execute.

Rox. And when this ruine is accomplish'd, where
Shall curst *Roxana* fly with this dear load?
Where shall she find a refuge from the arms
Of all the Successors of this great man?
No barb'rous Nation will receive a guilt
So much transcending theirs, but drive me out:
The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of prey molest me in the Grave.

Cas. No, you shall live, pardon the insolence
Which this Almighty Love enforces from me,
You shall live safer, nobler then before,
In your *Cassander's* arms.

Rox. Disgrac'd *Roxana*, whither wilt thou fall!
I ne're was truly wretched till this moment;
There's not one mark of former Majesty,
To awe my Slave that offers at my Honour.

Cas. Madam, I hope you'll not impute my passion
To want of that respect which I must bear you;
Long I have Lov'd —

Rox. Peace, most audacious Villain!
Or I will stab this passion in thy throat.
What, shall I leave the bosom of a Deity
To clasp a clod, a moving piece of Earth,
Which a Mole heaves? so far art thou beneath me.

Caf. Your Majesty shall hear no more my folly.

Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes; for if thou dost,
With a Love-glance thy plots are all unravell'd,
And your kind thoughts of *Alexander* told;
Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouch'd.

Caf. I know, dread Madam, that *Cassander's* life
Is in your hands so cast to do you service.

Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I practis'd charms
To gain the King, that I had loose desires:
No, 'tis my pride that gives me height of pleasure,
To see the man by all the world admir'd
Bow'd to my bosom, and my Captive there:
Then my veins swell, and my arms grasp the Poles,
My breasts grow bigger with the vast delight,
'Tis length of Rapture, and an age of Fury.

Caf. By your own life, the greatest oath I swear,
Cassander's passion from this time is dumb.

Rox. No, if I were a wanton, I wou'd make
Princes the Victims of my raging fires:
I, like the changing Moon, wou'd have the Stars
My followers, and mantled Kings by night
Shou'd wait my call; fine Slaves to quench my flame,
Who lest in Dreams they should reveal the deed,
Still as they came, successively shou'd bleed.

Caf. To make attonement for the highest crime,
I beg your Majesty will take the life
Of Queen *Statira* as a Sacrifice.

Rox. Rise, thou hast made me ample expiation:
Yes, yes, *Statira*, Rival thou must dye,
I know this night is destin'd for my ruine,
And *Alexander* from the glorious Revels
Flys to thy arms.

Phil. The Bowers of *Semiramis* are made
The Scene this night of their new kindled Loves.

Rox. Methinks I see her yonder, O the torment!
Busie for blis, and full of expectation:
She adorns her head, and her eyes give new lustre;
Languishes in her Glass, try's all her looks;
Steps to the door and listens for his coming;

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Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wishes,
Then lays the Pillow easie for his head,
Warms it with sighs, and moulds it with her kisses.
O I am lost, torn with imagination
Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils.

Cas. Why d'ye stop to end her while you may?
No time so proper, as the present now:
While *Alexander* feasts with all his Court,
Give me your Eunuchs, half your *Zogdian* Slaves,
I'll do the deed; nor shall a waiter scape,
That serves your Rival, to relate the news.

Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes* charge:

Rox. *Eumenes* dyes, and all that are about her:
Nor shall I need your aid, you'l Love again;
I'll head the Slaves my self, with this drawn Dagger,
To carry death that's worthy of a Queen:
A common Fate ne're rushes from my hand,
'Tis more then life to dye by my command.
And when she sees
That to my arm her ruine she must owe,
Her thankfull head will straight be bended low,
Her heart shall leap half way to meet the blow.

Cas. Go thy ways, *Semele*; — she scorns to sin
Beneath a God: — we must be swift, the ruine
We intend, who knows, she may discover.

Pol. It must be acted suddenly, to night
Now at the Banquet *Philip* holds his Cup.

Phil. And dares to execute, — propose his Fate.

Cas. Observe in this small Viol certain death;
It holds a poyson of such deadly force,
Shoud' *Esculapio* drink it, in five hours
(For then it works,) the God himself were mortal.
I drew it from *Nowarre*'s horrid Spring,
A drop infus'd in Wine, will seal his death,
And send him howling to the lowest shades.

Phil. Wou'd it were done.

Cas. O we shall have him tear
(Ere yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The world to Atoms; for it scatters pains

All sorts, and through all nerves, veins, arteries,
 Even with extremity of frost it burns:
 Drives the distracted Soul about her house,
 Which runs to all the pores, the doors of life,
 Till she is forc'd for air to leave her dwelling.

Pol. By *Pluto's* self the work is wondrous brave:

Cas. Now separate, *Philip* and *Theſſalus*
 Hast to the Banquet; at his second call,
 Give him the fatal draught that crowns the night,
 While *Polipercon* and my self retire.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Cassand.*]

Yes, *Alexander*, now thou payst me well,
 Bloud for a blow is Interest indeed:
 Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder,
 And standing straight on this Majestick pile,
 I hit the Clouds, and see the world below me.
 O 'tis the worst of racks to a brave Spirit
 To be born base, a Vassal, a curst Slave:
 Now by the project lab'ring in my brain,
 'Tis nobler far to be the King of Hell,
 To head Infernal Legions, Chiefs below;
 To let 'em loose for earth, to call 'em in
 And take account of what dark deeds are done,
 Then be a Subject-God in Heav'n unblest,
 And without mischief have Eternal rest.

Exit.

*The Scene draws, Alexander is seen standing on a Throne
 with all his Commanders about him, holding
 Goblets in their hands.*

Alex. To our Immortal health, and our fair Queens;
 All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and *Bellona* joyn to make us Musick:
 A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
 White as his beams. — Speak the big voice of War,
 Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,
 Till we provoke the Gods to act our pleasure
 In bowls of *Nectar*, and replying Thunder.

*} Sound while
 they drink;*

Enter

Death of Alexander the Great. 45

Enter Hephæstion, Clytus, leading in Lyfimachus in his Shirt bloody, Perdiccas, Guard.

Clyt. Long live the King, and Conquest crown his Arms
With Laurels ever green; Fortune's his Slave,
And kisses all that fight upon his side.

Alex. Did I not give command you shou'd preserve
Lyfimachus?

Heph. You did:

Alex. What then portend those bloody marks?

Heph. Your mercy flew too late; *Perdiccas* had,
According to the dreadfull charge you gave,
Already plac'd the Prince in a lone Court,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of Gauntlets; such was his desire,
To shew in death the difference betwixt
The blood of the *Æacides*, and common men.

Clyt. At last the door of an old Lyons den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd:
The flames which from his eyes shot gloomy red,
Made the Sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round 'em cast a day of blood and death.

Heph. When we arriv'd, just as the valiant Prince
Cry'd out, O *Parisæus* take my life,
'Tis for thy sake I go undaunted thus
To be devour'd by this most dreadfull creature.

Clyt. Then walking forward, the large Beast discov'rd
His prey, and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him; but the active Prince
Starting aside, avoided his first shock,
With a slight hurt, and as the Lyon turn'd,
Thrust Gauntlet, arm and all, into his throat,
And with *Herculean* force tore forth by th' roots
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the Savage,
Faint with that loss, sunk to the blushing Earth
To plough it with his teeth, your conqu'ring Souldier
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.

Alex. By all my Laurels 'twas a God-like act,
And 'tis my Glory, as it shall be thine,

That *Alexander* cou'd not pardon thee.

O my brave Souldier I think not all the prayers
Of the lamenting Queens cou'd move my Soul,
Like what thou hast perform'd; grow to my breast. {embraces him.

Lys. However Love did hurry my wild arm,
When I was cool my sev'rish blood did bate,
And as I went to death, I blest the King.

Alex. *Lyfimachus*, we both have been transported,
But from this hour be certain of my heart:

A Lyon be the Impress of thy Shield,
And that Gold Armour we from *Perceus* won
The King presents thee; but retire to Bed,
Thy toils ask rest.

Lys. I have no wounds to hinder
Of any moment; or if I had, though mortal,
I'd stand to *Alexander's* health, till all
My veins were dry, and fill 'em up again
With that rich blood which makes the Gods Immortal.

Alex. *Hephestion*, thy hand, embrace him close;
Though next my heart you hang the Jewel there,
For scarce I know whether my Queen be dearer,
Thou shalt not rob me of my Glory, Youth,
That must to Ages flourish. — *Parisatis*
Shall now be his that serves me best in War,
Neither reply; but mark the charge I give,
And live as Friends. — Sound, Sound my Armies Honour;
Health to their bodies, and eternal Fame
Wait on their memory, when those are ashes;
Live all you must, 'tis a God gives you life. (Sound.

[*Lyfimachus* offers *Clytus* a Persian Robe, and he refuses it.]

Clyt. O vanity!

Alex. Hal what says *Clytus*?
Who am I?

Clyt. The Son of good King *Philip*.

Alex. No, 'tis false,
By all my Kindred in the Skies
Jove made my Mother pregnant.

Clyt. I ha' done.

Here

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Here follows an Entertainment of Indian Singers and Dancers: The Musick flourishes.

Alex. Hold, hold, *Clytus*, take the Robe.

Clyt. Sir, the Wine,
The weather's hot; besides you know my humour.

Alex. O 'tis not well, I'd burn rather than be
So singular and froward.

Clyt. So wou'd I
Burn, hang, or drown; but in a better cause
I'll drink, or fight, for Sacred Majesty,
With any here. — Fill me another Bowl;
Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excus'd;
But let him have his humour, he is old.

Clyt. So was your Father, Sir, — This to his memory.
Sound all the Trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound
Till the King drinks; — by *Mars* I cannot taste
A moments rest for all my years of blood,
But one or other will oppose my pleasure.
Sure I was form'd for War, eternal War;
All, all are *Alexander's* Enemies,
Which I cou'd tame; — yes, the Rebellious world
Shou'd feel my wrath: — But let the sports go on.

The Indians Dance.

Lys. Nay *Clytus*, you that cou'd advise —

Alex. Forbear;

Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Sullen, and dazl'd, amongst the Nobler Souls,
Like an Infernal Spirit that had stole
From Hell, and mingled with the laughing Gods.

Clyt. When Gods grow hot, where is the difference
'Twixt them and Devils? — fill me *Greek* wine, yet fuller,
For I want Spirits.

Alex. Ha! let me hear a Song.

Clyt. Musick for Boys: — *Clytus* wou'd hear the groans

Of

Of dying persons, and the Horses neighings;
Or if I must be tortur'd with shrill voices,
Give me the crys of Matrons in sack'd Towns.

Heph. *Lysimachus*, the King looks sad, let us awake him:
Health to the Son of *Jupiter Amman*;
Ev'ry man take his Goblet in his hand,
Kneel all, and kiss the Earth with adoration.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the Universe may hear,
That I cou'd speak like *Jove*, to tell abroad
The kindness of my people. — Rise, O rise,
My hands, my arms, my heart is ever yours.

[*Comes from his Throne, all kiss his hand.*]

Clyt. I did not kiss the Earth, nor must your hand,
I am unworthy, Sir.

Alex. I know thou art,
Thou enviest my great Honour: — Sit, my Friends,
Nay I must have a room: — Now let us talk
Of War, for what more fits a Souldiers mouth?
And speak, speak freely, or ye do not love me,
Who think you was the bravest General
That ever led an Army to the Field?

Heph. I think the Sun himself ne're saw a Chief
So truly great, so fortunately brave,
As *Alexander*; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice destroy,
With their all-conqu'ring Arms, the famous *Troy*.

Lys. Such was not *Cyrus*.

Alex. O you flatter me.

Clyt. They do indeed, and yet you love 'em for it,
But hate old *Clytus*, for his hardy Virtue.
Come, shall I speak a man more brave then you,
A better General, and more expert Souldier?

Alex. I shou'd be glad to learn, instruct me, Sir.

Clyt. Your Father *Philip*, — I have seen him March,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The stoutest at this Table would ha' trembl'd.
Nay frown not, Sir, you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks joyn'd Greeks, then was the tug of War,
The labour'd Battle sweat, and Conquest bled.

Why

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Why shou'd I fear to speak a truth more noble,
Then e're your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you ;
Philip fought men, but *Alexander* women.

Alex. Spite ! by the Gods, proud spite ! and burning envy !
Is then my Glory come to this at last,
To vanquish women ? Nay he said, the stoutest here
Wou'd tremble at the dangers he has seen.

In all the sicknesses and wounds I bore,
When from my reins the Javelins head was cut,
Lyfimachus, *Hephestion*, speak, *Perdiccas*,
Did I tremble ? O the cursed Lyar !
Did I once shake or groan ? or bear my self
Beneath my Majesty, my dauntless courage ?

Heph. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis plain, meer malice : ———

I was a woman too at *Oxydrace*,
When planting at the walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted spite of showrs of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the lumber which they thunder'd down,
When you beneath cry'd out, and spread your arms,
That I shou'd leap amongst you ; did I so ?

Lys. Turn the discourse, my Lord, the old man rav'd.

Alex. Was I a woman, when like *Mercury*
I left the walls to fly amongst my Foes ?
And like a baited Lion, dy'd my self
All over with the bloud of those bold Hunters :
Till spent with toil, I battel'd on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Forrest,
And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd fury.

Clyt. 'Twas all Bravado, for before you leapt,
You saw that I had burst the Gates in sunder.

Alex. Did I then turn me like a Coward round
To seek for succour ? Age cannot be so base ;
That thou wert young again, I wou'd put off
My Majesty to be more terrible,
That like an Eagle I might strike this Hare
Trembling to Earth : shake thee to dust, and tear
Thy heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble dotard.

Clyt. What do you pelt me like a Boy with Apples ? } He tosses Fruit at
Kill me, and bury the disgrace I feel. } him as they rise

I know the reason that you use me so,
Because I sav'd your life at *Granniceus*,
And when your back was turn'd, oppos'd my breast
To bold *Rhesaces* Sword; you hate me for't,
You do, proud Prince.

Alex. Away, your breath's too hot. *(flings him from him.)*

Clyt. You hate the Benefactor, though you took
The Guilt, your life, from this dishonour'd *Clytus*,
Which is the blackest, worst ingratitude.

Alex. Go, leave the Banquet; thus far I forgive thee.

Clyt. Forgive your self for all your Blasphemies,
The riots of a most debauch'd, and blotted life,
Philotas murder —

Alex. Hal what said the Traytor?

Lyf. *Eumenes*, let us force him hence.

Clyt. Away.

Heph. You shall not tarry;
Drag him to the door.

Clyt. No, let him send me, if I must be gone,
To *Philip*, *Attalus*, *Calisthenes*,
To great *Parmenio*, and his slaughter'd Sons:
Parmenio, who did many brave exploits
Without the King, — the King without him nothing.

Alex. Give me a Javelin. *(takes one from the Guards.)*

Heph. Hold, Sir.

Alex. Off, Sirrah, lest
At once I strike it through his heart and thine.

Lyf. O sacred Sir, have but a moments patience.

Alex. Preach patience to another Lion; — what,
Hold my arms? I shall be murder'd here,
Like poor *Darius*, by my own barb'rous Subjects.
Perdiccas, sound my Trumpets to the Camp,
Call all my Souldiers to the Court; nay hast,
For there is Treason plotting 'gainst my life,
And I shall perish ere they come to rescue.

Lyf. { Let us all dye, ere think so damn'd a deed. *(kneel)*

Heph.

Alex. Where is the Traytor?

Clyt. Sure there's none about you;
But here stands honest *Clytus*, whom the King

loved.

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Invited to his Banquet.

Alex. Be gone, and sup with *Philip*,
Parmenio, *Attalus*, *Calisthenes*,
And let bold Subjects learn by thy sad Fate,
To tempt the patience of a man above 'em.

} strikes him
through.

Clyt. The rage of wine is drown'd in gushing blood ;
O *Alexander*, I have been too blame,
Hate me not after death, for I repent
That so I urg'd your noblest, sweetest nature.

Alex. What's this I hear ? say on, my dying Souldier.

Clyt. I shou'd ha' kill'd my self, had I but liv'd
To be once sober : — Now I fall with honour,
My own hand wou'd ha' brought foul death ; O pardon. (*dies.*)

Alex. Then I am lost, what has my vengeance done ?
Who is it thou hast slain ? *Clytus* ; what was he ?

Thy faithful Subject, worthiest Counsellor,
Who for the saving of thy life has now

A noble recompence ; for one rash word,
For a forgetfulness which wine did work,
The poor, the honest *Clytus* thou hast slain !
Are these the Laws of Hospitality ?

Thy Friends will shun thee now, and stand at distance,
Nor dare to speak their minds, nor eat with thee,
Nor drink, lest by thy madness they dye too.

Heph. Guards, take the body hence.

Alex. None dare to touch him,
For we must never part ; cruel *Hephestion*,
And you, *Lyfimachus*, that had the power,
Yet would not hold me.

Lys. Dear Sir, we did.

Alex. I know it ;

Ye held me like a Beast, to let me go
With greater violence : — O you have undone me !
Excuse it not, you that cou'd stop a Lion,
Cou'd not turn me ; you shou'd have drawn your Swords,
And barr'd my rage with their advancing points ;
Made Reason glitter in my daz'd eyes ;
Till I had seen what ruine did attend me.
That had been noble, that had shew'd a Friend,
Clytus wou'd so have done to save your lives.

Lys. When men shall hear how highly you were urg'd—

Alex. No, you have let me stain my rising virtue,
Which else had ended brighter then the Sun.
Death, Hell, and Furies! you have sunk my Glory:
O I am all a blot, which Seas of tears,
And my hearts blood, can never wash away;
Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the point
Still reaking hurl my black polluted breast.

Heph. O sacred Sir, this must not be.

Lum. Forgive my pious hands.

Lys. And mine, that dare disarm my Master.

Alex. Yes, cruel men, you now can shew your strength;
Here's not a Slave but dares oppose my Justice;
Yet I will render all endeavours vain
That tend to save my life: — here I will lye — (falls.)
Close to his bleeding side, thus kissing him,
These pale dead lips that have so oft advis'd me,
Thus bathing o're his Reverend face in tears,
Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,
Till death, like him, has made me stiff and horrid.

Heph. What shall we do?

Lys. I know not, my wounds bleed afresh
With striving with him; *Perdiccas*, lend us your arm. { *Ex. Per.*

Heph. Call *Aristander* hither, { *Lys.*
Or Meleager, let's force him from the body.

Cries without, Arm, Arm, Treason, Treason,

Enter Perdiccas bloody.

Perd. Hast, all take Arms; *Hephestion*, where's the King?

Heph. There, by old *Clytus* side, whom he has slain.

Perd. Then misery on misery will fall;

Like rolling billows to advance the storm.

Rise, sacred Sir, and hast to aid the Queen;

Roxana fill'd with furious Jealousie,

Came with a Guard of *Zogdian* Slaves unmark'd,

And broke upon me, with such sudden rage,

That all are perish'd who resistance made:

I only with these wounds through clashing Spears

Have forc'd my way, to give you timely notice.

Alex.

Death of Alexander the Great. 53

Alex. What says *Perdiccas*? is the Queen in danger?

Perd. She dyes unless you turn her Fate, and quickly;
Your distance from the Palace asks more speed,
And the ascent to th' flying Grove is high.

Alex. Thus from the Grave I rise to save my Love,
All draw your Swords, with wings of Lightning move;
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory shews the way.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

*Statira is discover'd sleeping in the Bower of Semiramis. The
Spirits of Queen Statira her Mother, and Darius, appear
standing on each side of her, with Daggers threatening her.*

They Sing.

Dar. **I**S Innocence so void of cares,
That it can undisturbed sleep;
Amidst the noise of horrid Wars,
That make Immortal Spirits weep?

Stat. No boding Crows, nor Ravens come;
To warn her of approaching doom?

Dar. She walks, as she dreams, in a Garden of Flow'ers;
And her hands are employ'd in the beautifull Bowers;
She dreams of the man that is far from the Grave,
And all her soft Fancy still runs on her Love.

Stat. She nods o're the Brooks that run purling along,
And the Nightingales lull her more fast with a Song.

Dar. But see the sad end which the Gods have decreed!

Stat. This *Poniard's* thy Fate.

Dar. My Daughter must bleed.

Chor. Awake then, *Statira*, awake, for alas you must dye;
Ere an hour be past, you must breath out your last,

Dar. And be such another as I,

Stat. As I,

Chor. And be such another as I.

Statira.

Statira sola.

Stat. Bless me ye Pow'rs above, and guard my Virtue!
 I saw, nor was't a Dream, I saw and heard
 My Royal Parents, there I saw 'em stand;
 My eyes beheld their precious Images:
 I heard their Heavenly voices; where, O where
 Fle'd you so fast, Dear shades, from my embraces?
 You told me this, — This hour should be my last,
 And I must bleed; — Away, 'tis all Delusion!
 Do not I wait for *Alexander's* coming?
 None but my loving Lord can enter here;
 And will he kill me? — hence, phantastick shadows!
 And yet methinks he should not stay thus long!
 Why do I tremble thus? if I but stir,
 The motion of my Robes makes my heart leap.
 When will the dear man come, that all my doubts
 May vanish in his breast? that I may hold him
 Fast as my fears can make me, hug him close
 As my fond Soul can wish, give all my breath
 In sighs, and kisses; swoun, dye away with Rapture!
 But hark, I hear him: — *(noise within.)*
 Fain I would hide my blushes,
 I hear his tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter Roxana with Slaves, and a Dagger.

Rox. At length we have conquer'd this stupendious height,
 These flying Groves, whose wonderfull ascent
 Leads to the Clouds.

Stat. Then all the Vision's true, *(retires.)*
 And I must dye, loſe my dear Lord for ever:
 That, that's the murder.

Rox. Shut the Brazen Gate,
 And make it fast with all the massie Bars:
 I know the King will fly to her relief,
 But we have time enough: — where is my Rival?
 Appear *Statira*, now no more a Queen,
Roxana calls, where is your Majesty?

Stat.

Death of Alexander the Great. 55

Stat. And what is she who with such Towering pride,
Wou'd awe a Princess that is born above her?

Rox. I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
It shews thou hast a Spirit fit to fall
A Sacrifice to fierce *Roxana's* wrongs.
Be sudden then, put forth these Royal Breasts,
Where our false Master has so often languish'd,
That I may change their milkie Innocence
To blood, and die me in a deep Revenge.

Stat. No, barb'rous woman! though I durst meet death
As boldly as our Lord, with a resolve
At which thy Coward heart wou'd tremble:
Yet I disdain to stand the Fate you offer,
And therefore fearless of thy dreadful threats,
Walk thus regardless by thee.

Rox. Ha! so stately!
This sure will sink you.

Stat. No, *Roxana*, no;
The blow you give will strike me to the Stars,
But sink my murderer in Eternal ruine.

Rox. Who told you this?

Stat. A thousand Spirits tell me:
There's not a God but whispers in my ear,
This death will crown me with Immortal Glory;
To dye so fair, so innocent, so young,
Will make me company for Queens above.

Rox. Preach on.

Stat. While you the burden of the Earth
Fall to the Deep so heavy with thy Guilt,
That Hell it self must groan at thy reception;
While foulest Fiends thun thy society,
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Fury.

Rox. Heav'n witness for me, I would spare thy life,
If any thing but *Alexander's* Love

Were in debate; come give me back his heart;
And thou shalt live, live Empress of the world.

Stat. The world is less than *Alexander's* Love,
Yet cou'd I give it, 'tis not in my power;
This I dare promise, if you spare my life,
Which I disdain to beg, he shall speak kindly.

Rox.

Rox. Speak! is that all?

Stat. Perhaps at my request;
And for a gift so noble as my life,
Bestow a kiss.

Rox. A kiss! no more?

Stat. O Gods!

What shall I say to work her to my end?

Fain I would see him: — yes, a little more,
Embrace you, and for ever be your Friend.

Rox. Oh the provoking word! Your Friend! Thou dy'st:
Your Friend! what must I bring you then together?
Adorn your Bed, and see you softly laid?
By all my pangs, and labours of my Love,
This has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle;
Therefore —

Stat. Yet hold thy hand advanc'd in air;
I see my death is written in thy eyes,
Therefore wreak all thy lust of Vengeance on me;
Wash in my blood, and steep thee in my gore;
Feed like a Vulture, tear my bleeding heart:
But O *Roxana*! that there may appear
A glimpse of Justice for thy Cruelty,
A grain of Goodness, for a mass of Evil,
Give me my Death in *Alexander's* presence.

Rox. Not for the Rule of Heav'n! — are you so cunning?
What you wou'd have him mourn you as you fall?
Take your farewell, and taste such healing kisses,
As might call back your Soul? No, thou shalt fall
Now, and when Death has seiz'd thy beauteous limbs,
I'll have thy body thrown into a Well,
Buried beneath a heap of Stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

Slav. Madam, the King with all his Captains and his Guards
Are forcing open the doors, he threatens thousand deaths
To all that stop his entrance, and I believe
Your Eunuchs will obey him.

Rox. Then I must haste.

Stat. What is the King to fear?

(Slabs her.)

And

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And shall I dye so tamely, thus defenceless?

O ye good Gods! will you not help my weakness?

Rox. They are far off.

Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

Enter Alexander, Cassander, Polipercon,

Guards and Attendants.

Alex. Oh Harpy! thou shalt reign the Queen of Devils.

Rox. Do, strike, behold my bosom swells to meet thee;
'Tis full of thine, of veins that run ambition,
And I can brave whatever Fate you bring.

Alex. Call our Physicians, hast, I'll give an Empire
To save her: — Oh my Soul, alas *Statira!*
These wounds, — Oh Gods, are these my promis'd joys!

Stat. My cruel Love, my weeping *Alexander,* *Enter Physicians.*
Wou'd I had dy'd before you enter'd here,
For now I ask my heart a hundred questions;
What must I lose my life, my Lord, for ever?

Alex. Ha! Villains, are they mortal? — what, retire!
Raise your dash'd Spirits from the Earth, and say,
Say she shall live, and I will make you Kings.
Give me this one, this poor, this only life,
And I will pardon you for all the wounds
Which your Arts widen, all Diseases, Deaths,
Which your damn'd Drugs throw through the lingering world.

Rox. Rend not your temper, see a general silence
Confirms the bloody pleasure which I sought;
She dyes.

Alex. And dar'st thou, Monster, think to scape?

Stat. My life is on the wing, my Love, my Lord,
Come to my arms, and take the last adieu;
Here let me lie, and languish out my Soul.

Alex. Answer me, Father, wilt thou take her from me?
What is the black, sad hour at last arriv'd,
That I must never clasp her body more?

Never more bask in her Eyes-shine again,
Nor view the Loves that play'd in those dear beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand smiles.

Stat. Farewell, my dear, my life, my most lov'd Lord,

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I swear by *Orosmandes* 'tis more pleasure,
More satisfaction that I thus dye yours,
Then to have liv'd anothers: — Grant me one thing.

Alex. All, all; — but speak; that I may execute
Before I follow thee.

Stat. Leave not the Earth
Before Heav'n calls you: Spare *Roxana's* life;
'Twas Love of you that caus'd her give me death.
And, O sometimes amidst your Revels think
Of your poor Queen, and e're the chearful Bowl
Salute your lips, crown it with one rich tear,
And I am happy. (dies.)

Alex. Close not thy eyes;
Things of Import I have to speak before
Thou tak'st thy Journey: — tell the Gods, I'm coming
To give 'em an account of life and death,
And many other hundred thousand policies,
That much concern the Government of Heav'n. —
O she is gone! the talking Soul is mute!
She's hush'd, no voice, no Musick now is heard!
The Bower of Beauty is more still then Death;
The Roses fade, and the melodious Bird
That wak'd their sweets, has left 'em now for ever.

Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her;
Therefore *Roxana* may have leave to hope
You will at last be kind for all my sufferings,
My torments, racks, for this last dreadful murder,
Which furious Love of thee did bring upon me.

Alex. O thou vile creature! bear thee from my sight;
And thank *Statira* that thou art alive:
Else thou hadst perish'd; yes, I wou'd ha' sent
With my just hands that Rock, that Marble heart;
I wou'd have div'd through Seas of blood to find it,
To tear the cruel Quarry from its Center.

Rox. O take me to your arms, and hide my blushes;
I Love you, spight of all your cruelties;
There is so much Divinity about you,
I tremble to approach; yet here I my hold,
Nor will I leave the Sacred Robe, for such
Is every thing that touches your divine Body.

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I'll kiss it as the Relique of a God,
And Love shall grasp it with these dying hands.

Alex. O that thou wert a man, that I might drive
Thee round the world, and scatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl mortal Plagues when they are angry.

Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into smallest pieces,
My dust shall be inspir'd with a new fondness;
Still the Love-notes shall play before your eyes,
Where e're you go, however you despise.

Alex. Away, there's not a glance that flies from thee,
But like a Basilisk comes wing'd with death.

Rox. O speak not such harsh words, my Royal Master, *(Kneels)*
Look not so dreadful on your kneeling Servant;
But take, dear Sir, O take me into Grace,
By the dear Babe, the burden of my womb,
That weighs me down, when I wou'd follow faster.

My knees are weary, and my force is spent;
O do not frown, but clear that angry brow!
Your eyes will blast me, and your words are bolts
That strike me dead; the little wretch I bear,
Leaps frighted at your wrath, and dyes within me.

Alex. O thou hast touch'd my Soul so tenderly,
That I will raise thee, though thy hands are ruin'd.
Rise, cruel woman, rise, and have a care,
O do not hurt that unborn Innocence,
For whose dear sake I now forgive thee all.
But hast, be gone, fly, fly from these sad eyes.
Fly with thy pardon, lest I call it back;
Though I forgive thee, I must hate thee ever.

Rox. I go, I fly, for ever from thy sight.
My mortal Injuries have turn'd my mind,
And I cou'd curse my self for being kind.
If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,
Send Heav'n the swiftest ruine on his head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead;
Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my wrong.
In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young,
Bolted with Thunder let him rush along.

60 *The Rival Queens, or The*

And when in the last pang of life he lies,
Grant I may stand to gaze him with my eyes;
Nay after death

Pursue his spotted Ghost, and shoot him as he flies. *Exit.*

Alex. O my fair Star! I shall be shortly with thee;
For I already feel the sad effects

Of those most fatal insinuations.

What means this deadly dew upon my forehead?

My heart too heaves

Capo will anon be still.

The poison works

Pat. Pray see me with a friend

Ere I remove, and gorge me with Revenge.

Enter Perdiccas and Lysimachus.

Perd. I beg your Majesty will pardon me,

A fatal Messenger;

Great *Syngene* hearing *Stratra's* death,

Is now no more.

Her last words gave the Princess to the brave

Lysimachus; but that which most will strike you,

Your dear *Hephestion*, having drunk too largely

At your last Feast, is of a surfeit dead.

Alex. How, dead! *Hephestion* dead! alas the dear

Unhappy Youth! — But he sleeps happy,

I must wake for — This object, this,

This face of fatal Beauty,

Will stretch my lids with vast, Eternal tears.

Who had the care of poor *Hephestion's* life?

Lys. *Philarda*, the Arabian Artist.

Alex. Fly, *Meleager*, hang him on a Cross:

That for *Hephestion*.

But here lies my Fate; *Hephestion*, *Clytus*,

All my Victories for ever folded up;

In this dear body my Banners lost,

My Standards Triumphs gone!

O when shall I be made — Give over to

The Army that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears;

Pound their bright Armour into dust away.

Death of Alexander the Great. 61

Is there not cause to put the World in mourning?
Tear all your Robes: — he dies that is not naked.
Down to the wast, all like the Sons of sorrow.
Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Skie;
Beat down the Bartlements of every City;
And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,
Root up those Bowers, and pave 'em all with Gold;
Draw dry the *Ganges*, make the *Indies* poor;
To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars spare,
But strip the shining Gods to make it rare.

Exit.

Cas. Ha! whither now? follow him, *Polipercon.* *Ex. Pol.*
I find *Cassander's* Plot grows full of Death;
Murder is playing her great Master-piece,
And the sad Sisters sweat, to fast I urge 'em.
O how I hug my self for this Revenge!
My fancy's great in mischief; for methinks
The night grows darker, and the lab'ring Ghosts,
For fear that I should find new Tortures out,
Run o're the old with most prodigious swiftness.
I see the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth,
The Sieve brim-full, and the swift Stone stand full.

Enter Polipercon.

What, does it work?

Pol. Speak softly.

Cas. Well.

Pol. It does;

I follow'd him, and saw him swiftly walk
Toward the Palace; oft times looking back,
With watry eyes, and calling out, *Statira*.
He stumbl'd at the Gate, and fell along;
Nor was he rais'd with ease by his Attendants,
But seem'd a greater load then ordinary,
As much more as the Dead out-weigh the Living.

Cas. Said he nothing?

Pol. When they took him up,
He sigh'd, and enter'd with a strange wild look;
Embrac'd the Princes round, and said he must
Dispatch the business of the world in haste.

Enter

Enter Philip and Thessalus.

Phil. Back, back, all scatter: — with a dreadful shout
I heard him cry, I am but a dead man.

Thes. The poyson tears him with that height of horror,
That I could pity him.

Pol. Peace; — where shall we meet?

Cas. In *Saturn's Field*.

Methinks I see the frightened Deities,
Ramming more bolts in their big-belly'd Clouds,
And firing all the Heav'n's to drown his noise.
Now we should laugh. — But go, disperse your selves,
While each Soul here, that fills his noble Vessel,
Swells with the murder, works with ruine o're:
And from the dreadfull deed this Glory draws,
We kill'd the greatest man that ever was.

The Scene draws, Enter Alexander and all his Attendants.

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded reins;
Pull, draw it out.

Lys. We have search'd, but find no hurt.

Alex. O I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks cross my shoulders, the sad Venom flies
Like Lightning through my flesh, my blood, my marrow.

Lys. This must be Treason.

Perd. Wou'd I could but guess.

Alex. Ha! what a change of Torments I endure?
A bolt of Ice runs hissing through my bowels.
'Tis sure the arm of Death, give me a Chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.

Perd. Heav'n bless the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heav'n?
I am all Hell, I burn, I burn again.
The War grows wondrous hot, hey for the Tygris;
Bear me, *Bucephalus*, amongst the Billows:
O'tis a noble beast! I would not change him
For the best Horse the Sun has in his Stable:

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For they are hot, their Mangers full of coals,
Their Mains are flakes of Lightning, curls of Fire,
And their red Tails like Meteors whisk about.

Lys. Help all, *Eumenes*, help, I cannot hold him.

Alex. Ha, ha, ha, I shall dye with laughter.

Parmenio, Clytus, dost thou see yon fellow?

That ragged Souldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?

See how he puts to flight the gaudy *Persians*,

With nothing but a rusty Helmet on, through which

The grizly bristles of his pushing Beard

Drive 'em like Pikes. — Ha, ha, ha.

Perd. How wild he talks?

Lys. Yet warring in his wildness. (come:—

Alex. Sound, sound, keep your Ranks close, ay now they

O the brave din, the noble clank of Arms!

Charge, Charge apace, and let the *Phalanx* move.

Darius comes, — ha! let me in, none dare

To cross my fury; — *Philotas* is unhors'd; — Ay, tis *Darius*!

I see, I know him by the sparkling Plumes,

And his Gold Chariot drawn by ten white Horses: —

But like a Tempest thus I pour upon him: —

He bleeds, with that last blow I brought him down;

He tumbles, take him, snatch the Imperial Crown. —

They fly, they fly, — follow, follow, — *Victoria, Victoria,*

Victoria, — O let me sleep.

Perd. Let's raise him softly, and bear him to his Bed.

Alex. Hold, the least motion gives me sudden death;

My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,

And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to ashes.

Lys. When you the brightest Star that ever shone:

Shall set, it must be night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all before I dye:

Weep not, my dear Companions, the good Gods

Shall send you in my stead a nobler Prince,

One that shall lead you forth with matchless conduct.

Lys. Break not our hearts with such unkind expressions.

Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for *Mars*.

Alex. *Perdicas*, take this Ring,

And see me laid in the Temple of

Jupiter Ammon.

Lys.

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Lys. To whom does your dread Majesty bequeath
The Empire of the World?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Pers. When will you, sacred Sir, that we should give
To your great memory those Divine Honours,
Which such exalted Virtue does deserve?

Alex. When you are all most happy, and in peace.
Your hands, — O Father, if I have discharg'd

The duty of a man to Empire born;
If by unwearied toil I have deserv'd
The vast renown of thy adopted Son,
Accept this Soul, which thou didst first inspire,
And with this sigh, thus gives thee back again.

Lys. Eumenes, cover the slain Majesty,
If there be Treason let us find it out:

Lysimachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears by those most honour'd dear Remains,
He will not tast the joys which Beauty brings,
Till we revenge the greatest, best of Kings.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE to *Alexander the Great*,

WHAT e're they mean, yet ought they to be curst,
who this Censorious Age did polish first :
who the best Play, for one poor Errour blame,
As Priests against our Ladies Arts declaim,
And for one Patch, both Soul and Body damn. }
But what does more provoke the Actors rage,
(For we must show the grievance of the Stage)
Is, that our Women who adorn each Play
Bred at our cost, become at length your Prey:
while green, and sour, likes Trees we bear 'em all,
But when they're mellow straight to you they fall:
You watch 'em bare and squab, and let 'em rest;
But with the first young down, you snatch the Nest.
Pray leave these poaching tricks, if you are wise,
E're we take out our Letters of Reprize.
For we have vow'd to find a sort of Toys
Known to black Fryars, a Tribe of choopping Boys:
If once they come, they'l quickly spoil your sport;
There's not one Lady will receive your Court:
But for the Youth in Petticoats run wild,
With oh the archest wagg, the sweetest Child.
The panting Breasts, white Hands and little Feet
No more shall your pall'd thoughts with pleasure meet.
The woman in Boys Cloaths, all Boy shall be,
And never raise your thoughts above the Knee.
Well, if our Women knew how false you are,
They wou'd stay here, and this new trouble spare:
Poor Souls, they think all Gospel you relate,
Charm'd with the noise of sett'ling an Estate:
But when, at last, your Appetites are full,
And the tir'd Cupid grows, with action, dull,
You'l find some trick to cut off the Entail,
And send 'em back to us, all worn and stale.

Perhaps they'l find our Stage, while they have rang'd
To some vile canting Conventicle, chang'd:
where, for the Sparks who once resorted there
with their curl'd wigs that scented all the Air,
They'l see grave Blockheads with short greasie Hair,
Green-Aprons, steeple-Hats, and Collar-Bands;
Dull sniv'ling Rogues that wring, not clap, their Hands:
where, for gay Punks that drew the shining Crowd,
And Misses that, in Vizard, laugh'd aloud,
They'l bear young Sisters sigh, see Matrons old
To their chop'd Cheeks their pick'led Kerchers hold,
whose Zeal too, might perswade, in spight to you,
Our flying Angels, to augment their Crew:
while Farrington their Hero struts about 'em,
And ne're a damning Critick dares to flout 'em.

FINIS.

